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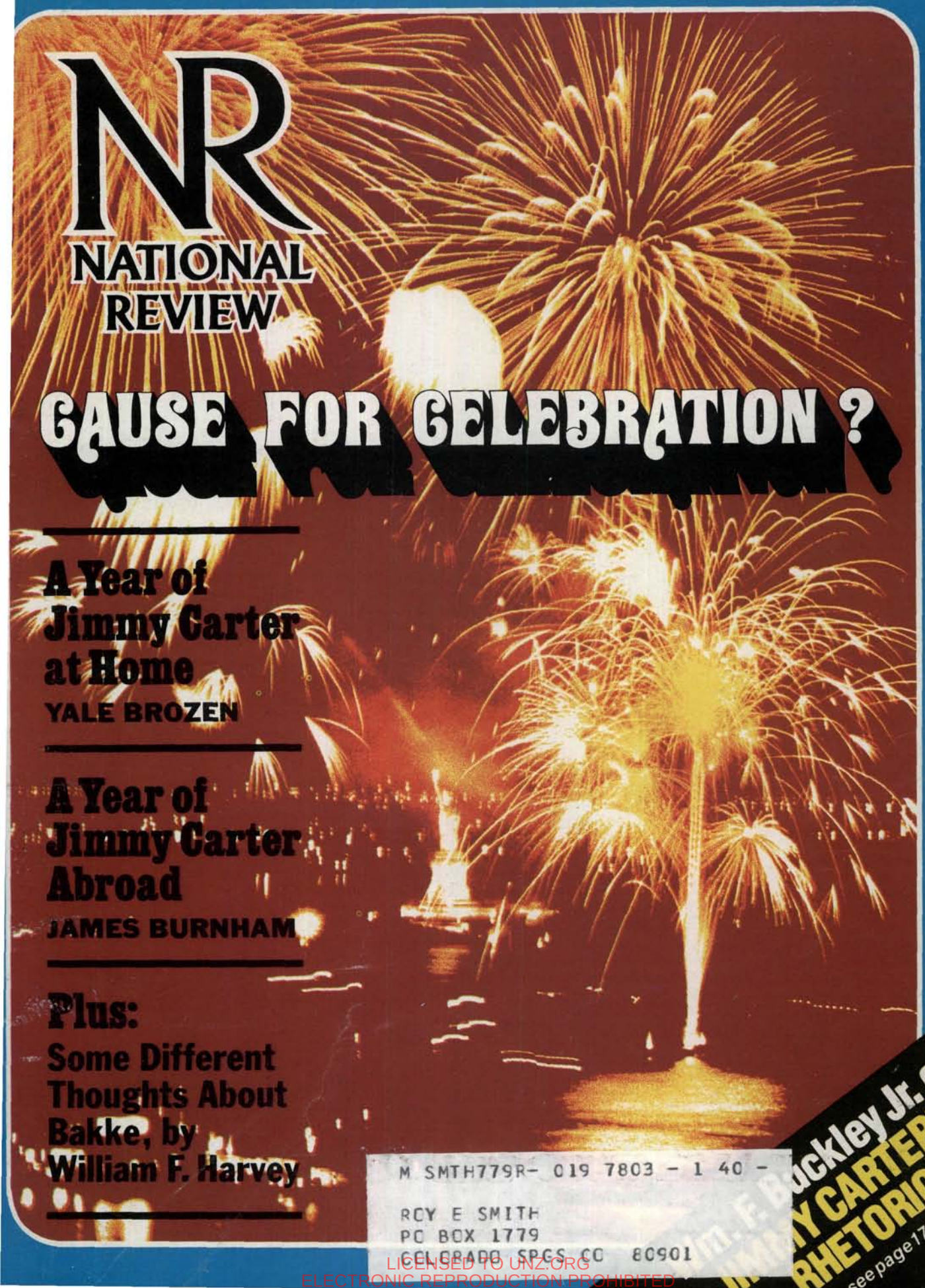

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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A Year of Jimmy Carter at Home
YALE BROZEN

A Year of Jimmy Carter Abroad
JAMES BURNHAM

Plus:
Some Different Thoughts About Bakke, by William F. Harvey

William F. Buckley Jr. on JIMMY CARTER'S RHETORIC
see page 172

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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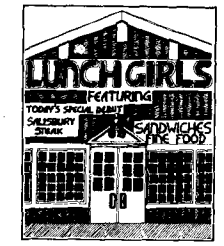

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He made a good many promises, and he is flooding us with press releases assuring us that he is keeping them. Now and then that is true. By and large, however, his policies contravene the thrifty themes of his successful campaign. *Yale Brozen*

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The bulk of what most lawyers do could be done by someone who had never seen the inside of a law school—and usually is.

Lawyer's *secretaries* do most of the work on wills, divorces (as well as annulments and legal separations), bankruptcies and creditor plans, simple contracts, real estate deals (buying, selling, and leasing), run-of-the-mill personal injury cases, adoptions, filing home steads, insurance claims, minor criminal cases . . . and the list goes on and on.

And what do these Legal Secretaries do? They follow directions and fill in the blanks on forms. That's all. It's as simple as that.

That's why I think you may be ready to try being your *own* lawyer—and save a 'ton' of money.

But before you decide, answer these two questions: (1) Can you follow simple directions—no more complicated than assembling a Christmas toy or reading a cook book? (2) Do you have the few cents necessary to buy the correct forms at a Legal Stationery Store?

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How to draft your own will . . . page 36

How to handle your own criminal case . . . page 72

How to settle your own accident or personal injury case . . . page 82

How to handle an adoption . . . page 99

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How to draft a contract . . . page 209

How to handle real estate transactions . . . page 216

How you can use a Law Library—free—to avoid probate! . . . save taxes! . . . form a corporation! . . . and handle hundreds of other matters! . . . page 25

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Letters

SALT on Our Tails

NR began the New Year right with "SALT and the Public Law" by S. T. Cohen and E. F. Black [Jan. 20]. Any topic that's been around for more than a few weeks seems to lose its ability to grab hold of public concern: SALT lost that ability several years ago, but it's time it was revived again, and quickly. I've seen predictions that SALT II will be signed by June, and that doesn't leave us much time to influence the negotiations.

I was distressed to read recently a statement by Richard Viguerie that Republican senators who might be tempted to trade off a vote for the Panama treaties against a hard line on SALT should think again: according to Viguerie, they "can't make it on SALT. Panama is the one we're going to remember." Now, important as Panama is, surely we can all agree that SALT is more important yet? Among NATIONAL REVIEW readers, at least, that agreement can only be reinforced by the Cohen-Black article.

Norfolk, Va. ROBERT MICHAELS

Eschatology

Re "The NEA Plans Our Future" [by Russell Kirk, Nov. 11]. Could you please tell me, are George Orwell and Aldous Huxley sitting on a cloud somewhere laughing their wings off, or are they merely turning over in their graves?

New York, N.Y. JON SMITH

The Houston Camp-Out

I very much take issue with Mr. Kilpatrick's assertion that I was "dead wrong" when, in my acceptance speech after being elected Chairman of the Harris County (Houston) Republican Party, I denounced the IWY as largely "a gaggle of outcasts, misfits, and rejects" [Abortion, Equal Rights, and Robert's Rules of Order," Dec. 23]. Kilpatrick's account is but a mundane recital as from a minute book. He falls short of his usual high level of perception by failing to recognize the real nature and significance of the IWY and its hangers-on.

It is hardly sufficient to review the raw demographic characteristics of the participants, as it would have been equally unrevealing to do so during, say, the 1964 Berkeley riots. Further, as Mr. Kilpatrick should have observed, the official delegates were only a small part of those who camped out in Houston and exploited the conference for diverse ends.

Query, for example, whether one who hawks Marxist literature or hardcore pornographic literature, including various lesbian devices, in a public exhibit hall cannot be properly termed a societal "reject." Query too whether those who fit the demographic norm, but who abetted and encouraged the participation in the IWY by such groups and the exploitation of the women's rights issue, with tax dollars, for narrow political ends, cannot aptly be described as "misfits."

Houston, Tex. JERRY E. SMITH
Chairman
Harris County Republican Party

Criticizing the Critic

Normally I would not take issue with a movie critic, but after reading John Simon's article "Whistling in the Dark" [Dec. 23] I am compelled to offer a few paragraphs to criticize the critic.

Simon devotes most of his space to *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.* Among other things, he criticizes the movie for sloppiness of details. Perhaps he should check out some of his own. Without rushing out to buy the book or to see the movie a second time, I know for instance that in the movie a) Barry is three years old, not four as stated by Simon, and b) Roy's car was never demolished by aliens, as also stated by Simon. (Maybe he meant to say "truck.")

Another sore spot with Simon is for machines or other-worldly creatures to take on human characteristics. I would imagine Simon does not like cartoons either. Human weaknesses and idiosyncrasies are frequently made more vivid when projected through a non-human "character." They often become more laughable, as is the case with the *Star Wars* robots.

Simon would like things to be a) logical and b) realistic. Unfortunately, human beings a) are often illogical, which nevertheless makes life both interesting and adventurous, and b) go to science fiction movies precisely to seek an escape from realism.

San Antonio, Tex. GREG N. RIPPS

Faith and Facts

Mr. Jeffrey Hart, for whom I have much admiration and affection, for once seems to have missed the mark, in "Truth and Culture" [Sept. 2]. He rejoices over the passing of the "bourgeois enterprise" and its spiritually tone-deaf culture. In the same breath, though, he falls down at the altar of the highest-ranking bourgeois idol, the Fact. Christianity, he says, is "faith based upon historical occurrences." Well said, as long as the accent is on faith. Mr. Hart, however, becomes so involved with the authentication of the Holy Shroud of Turin by scientists that his article begins

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to read as if Christianity were faith *in* the historicity of certain events. And so Jeffrey Hart himself asserts when he claims that "the consciousness in these [the Gospel] narratives as well as in Paul's epistles is historical rather than mythic or something else." Mythic it is not; historical only to the extent that it is consciousness illuminated on the occasion of given events; but above all, it is "something else," namely spiritual, or, if you will, theological.

If David Easton can be said to have made one lasting remark, it is that a fact is a phenomenon to which significance has been attributed. Jesus as a historical fact was never contested in his lifetime. All the same, the mere fact did not answer the key question which he put to his disciples: "Who do you say I am?" Peter's answer to that question came not from any factual certainty, but from an inspiration kindling faith. In the same way the Gospels are the account of what men of deep faith could see in the person, the life, and the death of Jesus. In all of them, most of all the Fourth Gospel, theological interpretation opens the deep significance which the proverbial "fool" (Ps. 14) would not have discovered even if God had dictated his diary of facts. Paul's epistles constitute the most extensive coherent theological meditation in the New Testament.

Like Jeffrey Hart, I am convinced of the authenticity of the Holy Shroud of Turin. Does that persuasion add anything to the faith handed down by the Church from the Apostles and the Evangelists? I am deeply grateful for possessing a true, and at the same time awe-inspiring, picture of Christ's face. The Shroud providing that picture, however, can just as little provide my faith as can the medical reports of Dr. Kübler-Ross about the experiences of patients who have returned from clinical death. All that I knew before, because I accepted it from the very highest source Himself.

South Bend, Ind. GERHART NIEMEYER

Bella, Bellissima

The cover picture of Bella [Dec. 23] was simply—it was just—it was really *her*!

Erie, Pa. JAMES M. YADESKI

NATIONAL REVEW slipped notches in my estimation with its below-the-belt portrayal of the ERA chairwoman on its last cover.

Santa Barbara, Calif. BETSY B. BROMFIELD

In regard to your fund-raising efforts, may I suggest that you advertise for sale poster-size reproductions of the December 23 cover? If you follow my suggestion, please allow me to purchase one of the first.

Las Vegas, Nev. ED COSTELLO

Teilhard de Chardin

This is in reference to a book review, "The Soft Voice of the Serpent," by Farley Clinton [Nov. 11] dealing with the book *Teilhard*, by Mary and Ellen Lukas.

I have not read the Lukases' book. But I very strongly doubt that the reviewer has read it either. The review is simply concerned with disparagement of Teilhard and other Catholics. The end result, however, is not to lower esteem for Teilhard de Chardin. Instead it is the reviewer—hitherto unknown to me, I'm afraid—who emerges in a bad light. One may well doubt the "interesting speculation" (to minds such as your reviewer's) that Teilhard "posed nude" for a sculpture of his head (does this mean that he took off his glasses?), but one cannot doubt that Mr. Farley Clinton has denuded himself in this review with its malicious and untruthful gossip and its schoolboyish style.

Crestwood, Ky. NORRIS MERCHANT

I am still incredulous that the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW should have allowed the scandalous attack on Teilhard de Chardin by Farley Clinton.

The article is full of innuendos, unsubstantiated accusations of the basest sort, and vile and venomous vilifications too indecent to be honored by a refutation.

The "Voice of the Serpent" in this case is clearly that of the reviewer; but no doubt the saintly author of "The Divine Milieu" would have forgiven his tormentor: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

I think that NATIONAL REVIEW owes Father Teilhard an apology.

New York, N.Y. GERTRUD A. MELLON

The views of NR*'s reviewers are not necessarily those of the editors.* —ED.

The (Almost) Centerfold

I am not usually in the habit of writing fan letters to magazines, but I just wanted you to know how much I enjoy your magazine. It's great!

The two pages of cartoons in the (almost) centerfold is a worthwhile addition I like very much. Have especially enjoyed the recent work of MacNelly.

Midland, Mich. JOHN S. SCHWENDIMAN

Rosenzweig and Herberg

In his tribute to the late Will Herberg [Aug. 5], Professor Bernhard W. Anderson quotes the Jewish theologian and philosopher Franz Rosenzweig as saying: "Israel can bring the world to God only through Christianity." Only Rosenzweig never said it.

Professor Anderson attributes the remark to Rosenzweig's major work, *Der Stern der Erlösung* (*The Star of Redemption*). Actually, Anderson says that he was quoting Herberg's quotation of Rosenzweig. Since I could not find the quotation in *Star*, I wrote to Anderson asking for a more direct source for his use of the state-

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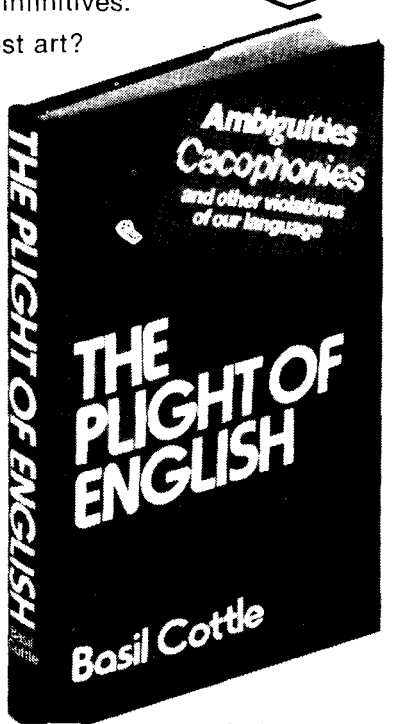

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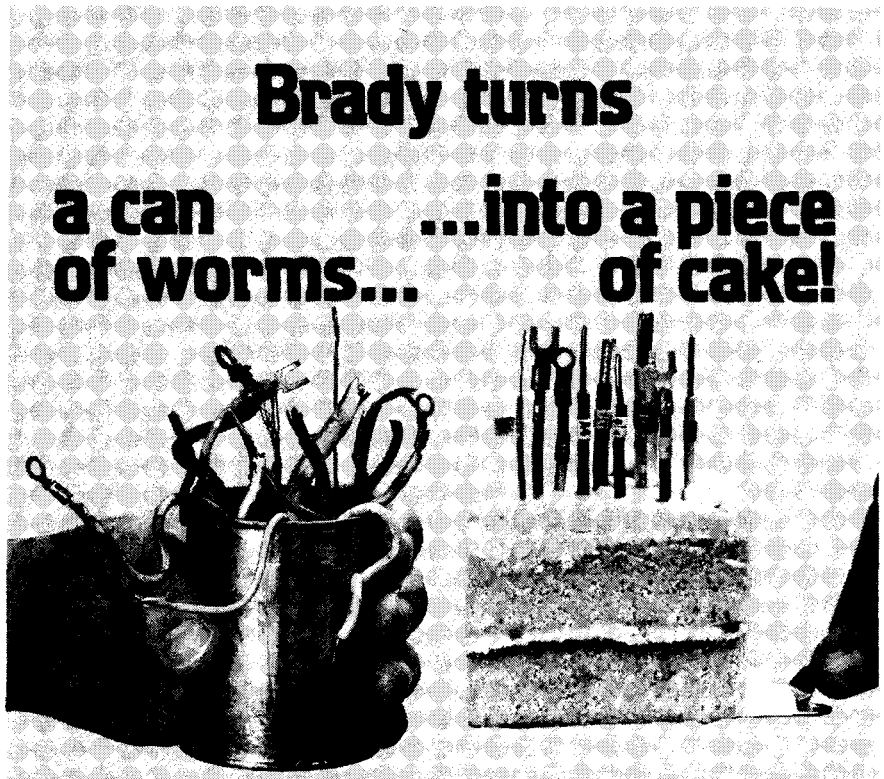
ment. In response, I received a reply referring me to page 58 of an essay by Will Herberg in his last work, *Faith Enacted as History*.

Checking page 58 I again failed to find the quotation. What I did find was a footnote referring the reader to page 341 of Nahum Glatzer's biography of Rosenzweig. There, there appears a sentence vaguely resembling the one quoted by Anderson (and Herberg), but with quite a different meaning.

At this point I decided to write to Professor Anderson again, asking him this time to give me the exact page reference in *Der Stern der Erlösung*. I received a reply directing me—*not to Rosenzweig*—but to page 193 of *Modern Philosophies of Religion* by Jacob B. Agus. Sure enough, this time the quotation attributed to Rosenzweig by Herberg/Anderson is almost as given. But it is Agus' *paraphrase* of Rosenzweig; or, as Professor Anderson concedes in his letter to me, Agus was speaking "in the name of Rosenzweig." But *that*, it should be underscored, is *not* the same as Rosenzweig speaking for himself.

New York, N.Y. MAX GELTMAN



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MacArthur's Credentials

I agree with your reviewer, M. J. Sobran Jr., that Gregory Peck does not have the stature to portray the late General Douglas MacArthur [Sept. 16]. I wish, however, that he had spent a column inch or so treating more serious defects of the movie: Why did MacArthur think the Communists were out to get him? What were his motives for protecting the Philippines? In the movie, MacArthur's anti-Communism almost seems the paranoia of an aged commander. No mention is made of the Bonus March and his part in it: a damn good reason for the Commies to be out to "get" him. His relationship to the Philippines started at the turn of the century, with his father's appointment as governor-general; and his knowledgeability concerning Far Eastern affairs began with his appointment there in 1903, and service as aide-de-camp to his father during the Russo-Japanese war. Afterward, they made a combination goodwill/spying expedition in Southeast Asia and India. MacArthur called this tour the most important factor in his entire life. Needless to say, this expedition was not mentioned in the movie.

He was repeatedly appointed to posts in the Philippines, culminating in his appointment as High Commissioner of the Philippines in 1935. None of these appointments were alluded to in the movie. Without some presentation of MacArthur's credentials, his conflict with Truman is simply a clash of wills, rather than a conflict of the well-informed with the well-intentioned.

Arlington, Va. KITTY YORE SMITH

Clarification

As one who personally experienced, in 1918-19, the controlling methods used by Communists, I would not question the credibility of William Berkson's interlocutor's story ["Thought Control in Mao's China," Oct. 14]. For centuries, the Chinese have excelled the Russians in this sort of thing, and done the job with much greater finesse.

And yet, it is regrettable that the author didn't clarify how come, in spite of their "no basic research other than research in Marxism or Leninism" stance, the Chinese are still able to explore atomic energy, to build aircraft, etc.

The omission may raise skepticism as to the accuracy of the entire interview.

BORYS KORCYN-ZUKOWSKI

Forest Hills, N.Y.

The author did give the reason (which we were forced to cut because of a shortage of space): the wholesale importation of Western technology. —LB

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The Ultimate Tax Shelter

by TED NICHOLAS

Tax experts are now referring to a small, privately owned corporation as "The Ultimate Tax Shelter." This is especially true since the passage of the Tax Reform Act of 1976. This law makes most former tax shelters either obsolete, or of little advantage. Investments affected include real estate, oil and gas drilling, cattle feeding, movies, etc. These former tax shelters have lost their attractiveness. Aside from that, these tax shelters required a large investment. Only a small segment of the population could benefit from them.

I've written a book showing how you can form your own corporation. I've taken all the mystery out of it. Thousands of people have already used the system for incorporation described in the book. I'll describe how you may obtain it without risk and with a valuable free bonus.

A corporation can be formed by anyone at surprisingly low cost. And the government encourages people to incorporate, which is a little known fact. The government has recognized the important role of small business in our country. Through favorable legislation incorporating a small business, hobby, or sideline is perfectly legal and ethical. There are numerous tax laws favorable to corporate owners. Some of them are remarkable in this age of ever-increasing taxation. Everyone of us needs all the tax shelter we can get!

Here are just a few of the advantages of having my book on incorporating. You can limit your personal liability. All that is at stake is the money you have invested. This amount can be zero to a few hundred or even a few thousand dollars. Your home, furniture, car, savings, or other possessions are not at risk. You can raise capital and still keep control of your business. You can put aside up to 25% of your income tax free. If you desire, you may wish to set up a non-profit corporation or operate a corporation anonymously. You will save from $300 to $1,000 simply by using the handy tear-out forms included in the book. All the things you need: certificate of incorporation, minutes, by-laws, etc., including complete instructions.

There are still other advantages. Your own corporation enables you to more easily maintain continuity and facilitate transfer of ownership. Tax free fringe benefits can be arranged. You can set up your health and life insurance and other programs for you and your family wherein they are tax deductible. Another very important option available to you through incorporation is a medical reimbursement plan (MRP). Under an MRP, all medical, dental, pharmaceutical expenses for you and your family can become tax deductible to the corporation. An unincorporated person must exclude the first 3% of family's medical expenses from a personal tax return. For an individual earning $20,000 the first $600 are not deductible.

Retirement plans, and pension and profit-sharing arrangements can be set up for you with far greater benefits than those available to self-employed individuals.

I'll also reveal to you some startling facts. Why lawyers often charge substantial fees for incorporating when often they prefer not to; why two-thirds of the New York and American Stock Exchange companies incorporate in Delaware.

I briefly mentioned that you can start with no capital whatsoever. I know it can be done, since I have formed 18 companies of my own, and I began each one of them with nothing. Beginning at age 22, I incorporated my first company which was a candy manufacturing concern. Without credit or experience, I raised $96,000. From that starting point grew a chain of 30 stores. I'm proud of the fact that at age 29 I was selected by a group of businessmen as one of the outstanding businessmen in the nation. As a result of this award, I received an invitation to personally meet with the President of the United States.

I wrote my book, How To Form Your Own Corporation Without A Lawyer For Under $50, because I felt that many more people than otherwise would could become the President of their own corporations. As it has turned out, a very high proportion of all the corporations formed in America each month, at the present time are using my book to incorporate.

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1977
National Review
INDEX

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The battle over the Panama Canal treaties gets going in earnest this week. **John Sparkman**, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, says his committee will start hearings on Jan. 26—after he and five influential members of the committee come back from Panama. . . . Senate Majority Leader **Robert Byrd** expects to bring the question to the floor in late February or early March (if action on the energy program has been completed by then). . . . Both Byrd and Minority Leader **Howard Baker** came back from Panama, and the Christmas holiday break, cautiously in favor of the treaties, provided they are amended (or an article of understanding is attached) clearing up two major reservations on the part of many senators: priority for U.S. warships through the Canal in times of crisis, and the U.S. right to protect the Canal after 2000. . . . Senator Byrd says there will be one whale of a fight over the treaties in the Senate, but he is now "cautiously optimistic" that they will pass. . . . Most of the **Washington press corps** also senses passage although the most recent *New York Times*-CBS poll indicates the nation at large is still opposed. The latest figures show 51 per cent against (as compared to 49 per cent in October) with the same 29 per cent approving. . . . **Barry Goldwater**, who has been listed in the anti camp, says he thinks the Senate will okay the accords if **Jimmy Carter** goes to Panama and signs the understandings which he and President **Torrijos** worked out, but didn't sign, last October 14. Goldwater says that when he talked to Torrijos he found him "receptive" to the idea of a joint signature on the undertakings. Howard Baker says he found Torrijos "flexible" on the question of revisions. . . . Sen. **James Allen** (D., Ala.) disagrees with Goldwater. "No Band-Aid amendments will cure the treaty," says

Donato, *Toronto Sun* Rothco

Allen. . . . **Richard Viguerie** says the New Right thinks Panama more important than SALT. "Panama is the one we're going to remember."

■ Meanwhile, everyone has taken to the stump. The Administration has Secretary of State **Cyrus Vance** and Defense Secretary **Harold Brown** on the road, plus treaty negotiators **Sol Linowitz** and **Ellsworth Bunker** and former Sen. **Gale McGee**, now the U.S. Ambassador to the Organization of American States. . . . At a speech in Charleston, West Virginia last week, Vance suggested that several understandings might be attached to the treaties to ease their passage through the Senate—the first time the **State Department** has indicated any disposition to amend them. . . . The White House also is getting support from Republicans **Gerald Ford** and **Elliot Richardson**, and from **Henry Kissinger**. . . . In an interview in the new biweekly *Fortune*, incidentally, Ford warned the **Republican Party** against coming out too strongly against the treaties. "If there are people who believe the Republican Party can sail to glory in 1980 on that issue [Panama] I think they're mistaken."

■ On the other side, the **Committee to Save the Canal** also has its first team on the road, headed by Sens. **Laxalt**, **Hatch**, **Garn**, **Helms**, **Thurmond**, **Tower**, **Domenici**, and **Scott** (Va.), and Congressmen **Larry McDonald** (D., Ga.), **Robert Bauman** (R., Md.), **John Rousselot** (R., Calif.), and ACU Chairman **Phil Crane** (R., Ill.). It's a $100,000 operation, criss-crossing the country, that is backed and funded by the Reaganite Citizens for the Republic, the American Conservative Union, the American Security Council, and the Young Republicans, among others. . . . Back in Washington, Sen. **Robert Dole**, who has split with 1976 running-mate Gerald Ford on this one, hopes to knock out the treaties via the amendment route. Dole says he will seek to attach ten amendments and two reservations to the Panama package when it reaches the Senate floor. . . . The party is now getting rough. Robert Byrd warns the country against "emotional jingoism"; the *Washington Post* accuses Howard Baker of "gesturing to American primitives"; columnist **Carl Rowan** concedes that Baker is in a class apart from "colonialist Neanderthals," i.e., Laxalt, Helms, Thurmond, Reagan, et al. . . . This hasn't been pointed out, but the deaths in early January of **Hubert Humphrey** and **Lee Metcalf** cost the White House two pro-Treaty votes.

■ On the whole, Jimmy Carter probably would have preferred not to get **Fidel Castro**'s endorsement. "The Panama treaties," said Castro, "are a victory for the Panamanian people since they have managed to change a very bad treaty for a less bad one."

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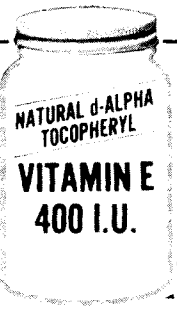

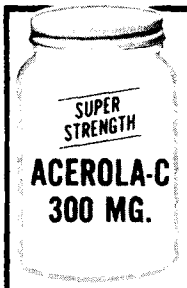

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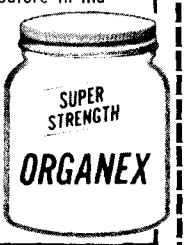

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THE WEEK

■ Our last President told us that Poland isn't Soviet-dominated. This one tells us that Poland shares our devotion to human rights. Poles are asking each other how many American Presidents it takes to change a light bulb.

■ Joseph Califano has also been getting his signals crossed on the subject of National Health Insurance (NHI). After a trip to England to watch the National Health Service in action, he returned to tell reporters that our own NHI scheme wouldn't be introduced in 1978 after all, as had been advertised, but would have to wait at least until 1979. "National Health Insurance," said Califano in a memo to Carter, "will be among the most complex and bedeviling policy initiatives of your Administration." Two weeks later, however, President Carter told Senator Kennedy, in a statement for public consumption, that he would send up an NHI plan this year, not in 1979, and he will present it in plenty of time for both Houses to act on it.

■ The farm strike has been as uneventful as it was misconceived. The few farmers involved wanted to withhold production in order to get their own selling prices up. But as soon as they resumed production and sales, prices would fall again. Like a consumer boycott, a producers' strike has to be permanent to have a permanent effect. Claims that real farm income was down to the levels of the 1930s ignore the fact that there were many more farmers back then. And the archaic notion of parity prices, based on relationships from the boomy 1910-1914 period, ignores the enormous increase in farm productivity over the past half-century. If farm prices could somehow be raised by about 60 per cent (to parity), domestic and foreign sales would plummet, at the same time that farmers were encouraged to plant more. The government could not go on accumulating the resulting surplus forever, and prices would be depressed when the government dumped its hoard. Some marginal grain producers have indeed suffered under recent global glut, and some farmers became overextended in the enthusiasm of the 1973-74 boom. But such particular problems are not apt to be solved by efforts to repeal the laws of supply and demand. Rather than asking to be inflated out of their cost-price squeeze, farmers would be wise to ask instead that government cut the cost of taxes and regulation.

■ The Administration has stopped the development of an $850-million computer network which would have given IRS agents across the country immediate access to the records of all taxpayers. Senate liberals warned against possible infringements of privacy. The IRS now plans to concentrate on improving its current system, to the tune of $794 million.

■ Burns is going, but he has made sure he won't be forgotten. On January 6, unbeknownst to the Carter Administration, the Fed approved an increase in the discount rate—the interest it charges on loans to member banks—from 6 per cent to 6.5 per cent. A few days later came another present for the Administration: the Fed sold Treasury securities on the open market, causing short-term interest rates to move higher. Both moves should strengthen the dollar abroad as well as assure businessmen at home that the government is serious about reducing inflation. And apart from these praiseworthy goals, the devilish Mr. Burns has seen to it that when William Miller takes the helm of the Fed on January 31, the whole world will easily be able to spot any change in the Fed's course.

■ In Milford, Illinois, working women with children are being gravely inconvenienced by the decision of more and more babysitters to get out of the sitting business. The reason: someone discovered that many sitters are operating without the license required by the 1969 Child Care Act of Illinois, according to which people who tend one or more unrelated children outside the parents' homes for ten or more hours a week must be inspected and certified by a licensing bureau. The state now threatens to fine and/or jail sitters who are in violation of the act. Said one sitter: "I quit. I'm not going to get a state license. The biggest reason is I don't care for the state interference. They don't have a right to tell the mothers where to take their children." But the state licensing coordinator, June Foster, counters such notions by arguing, "I say when I go out to eat, I feel I can choose from a number of restaurants that I know have been licensed to assure that I'm not going to get ptomaine. . . . If we can protect the users of other services, why shouldn't we protect the users of day-care services?" Good thinking, June. As a matter of fact, if we protect the users of day-care services, why shouldn't we go on to protect the users of *mothers*? It is a sad

To My Friend, Jimmy

I, Brezhnev, with my fingers crossed,
Declare I hate a holocaust,
And pledge with all my Russian heart
If (God forbid!) a war should start,
I'd never let my bombers run
A drop on Plains or Washington.
So while I mix a chocolate malt,
Please put your signature on SALT.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Ultimate Threat To Academic Freedom

Leon Knight is a college teacher, an officer of the Minnesota Democratic Party and an unabashed liberal. He is also opposed to compulsory unionism—which places him on the enemies list of the National Education Association.

In 1968-69, Knight served as president of the faculty association at North Hennepin Community College in suburban Minneapolis. He fully supports the right of everyone to join and participate in labor unions. But he draws the line at compulsory affiliation.

"The big difference," he says, "between the faculty association I headed up and the union there now is the issue of voluntary versus compulsory."

After the faculty association became an affiliate of the militant NEA, the association backed legislation requiring compulsory union fees for public employees. Once passed, it was decided all faculty members would have to pay a fee to keep their jobs. Knight's liberal philosophy wouldn't allow him to go along.

"The idea of academic freedom," he explains, "the idea of the dissident person, the idea of a person who marches to a different drum, is very precious. And yet unionism is coming in and saying I must march to that drum."

"If they can determine," he stresses, "not what I teach in the classroom, but whether I teach at all, that is the ultimate threat to academic freedom."

Leon Knight went to court to protect his Constitutional rights. With the help of the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, he and 19 other members of the Minnesota Community College system brought suit against the NEA and its local affiliates. The suit challenges the forced representation and compulsory fee provisions of Minnesota's Public Employment Labor Relations Act.

Leon Knight was fortunate. He found help. But how many other Leon Knights in America haven't?

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is helping everyone it can. It is currently assisting individual workers in more than 75 cases involving academic freedom, political freedom, freedom from union violence, and the right to work for government without paying a private organization for that privilege.

For more information on how you can help American educators like Leon Knight write:

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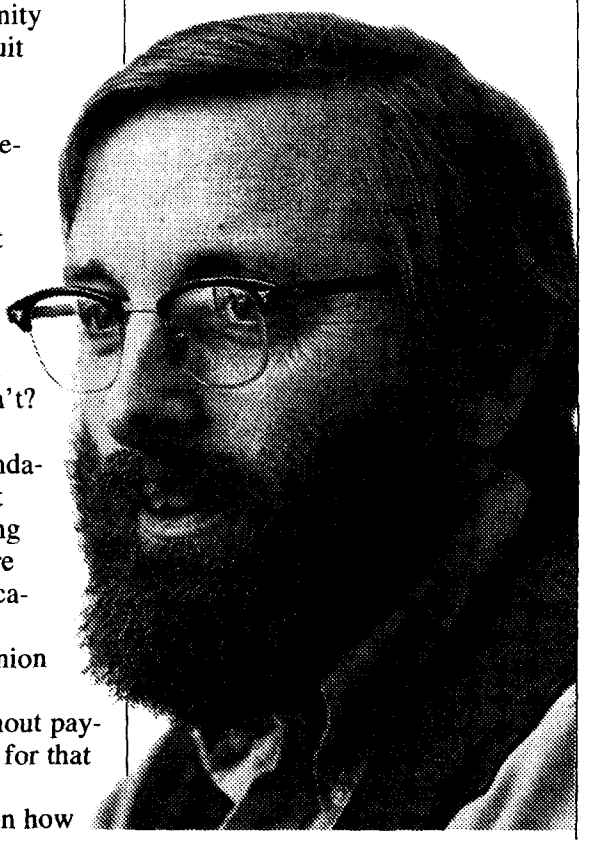

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Last week was a bad one for sensitive writers. For one thing, it was totally confusing. There was a moderately heavy snowstorm which in other parts of the country would have passed unnoticed but in Washington was as disruptive as Hurricane Anita. There were several holidays, all falling on the same day. In the District and in parts of Maryland, they celebrated Martin Luther King's birthday. In Virginia, they observed the natal days of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. The observances took various forms, but they had one thing in common: no one was picking up the trash. Then there were the ceremonies honoring Hubert Humphrey, with everyone except Idi Amin putting in an appearance. Even Richard Nixon showed up, and so stupefied was the city by his presence that even his old friends in the media seemed at a loss for sensible words, perhaps the strangest analysis of all appearing in the *Washington Star*, which solemnly assured us that "Nixon knows he is Nixon." (Thank God for that. What would happen to us all if he thought he were Norman Mailer?) Then, to top it all off, on Sunday, after the ceremonies honoring Humphrey, there was the Superdebate and the Superbowl, which kept those of us unable to make it to New Orleans gawking at our televisions until oblivion sets in somewhere after 9 P.M.

The Superbowl game, as even Cyrus Vance now knows, was played by two teams from the Sunbelt, that area which we are forever being told will give birth to a New Majority of some sort, if it doesn't first become the Droughtbelt. The Superdebate featured Ronald Reagan, the Sunbelt's favorite politician, arguing about a canal with the editor of this journal. (The Superdebate, which took place on Friday, was shown here on Sunday, two hours before the Superbowl, on WETA-TV, not the brightest jewel in the public broadcasting crown.)

The Superbowl, perhaps most memorable for the performance of the Dallas cheerleaders, set a number of negative records, among them the most interceptions ever thrown by a born-again Christian quarterback, or any other quarterback, for that matter. The Superdebate, featuring two non-born-again quarterbacks, may have set similar records. Quarterback Reagan, who seemed somewhat overscripted and perhaps a bit weary of the same old game plan, told us that Dwight Eisenhower had confided to him in a golf cart that he didn't like the idea of giving away the Canal, either. Quarterback Buckley amazed his admirers by the precision with which he picked apart his opponent's defenses, ending with a fourth-quarter surge in which he eloquently defended the right of the Panamanians to chart their own course, even as did our Founding Fathers and the Vietcong.

In general, the play of both teams was somewhat uneven. Linebacker James Burnham, zeroing in on Quarterback Reagan, missed his tackle by asking what just may have been the most protracted opening question in Superdebate history. George Will, usually the model of ball-handling precision, appeared to fumble by asking an unusually imprecise question about the precision of the treaties' language. And on the other team, Patrick Buchanan blew his assignment by bringing South Africa and Chile into the game, neither of which was eligible under Superdebate rules. Nor was the officiating flawless. Moderator Sam Ervin, who kept us entertained with winks and whiffles and references to this all being a shining example of "America at its finest," clearly thought himself at some other ball game, as witness his blowing the final whistle a full minute and a half early.

There was one great moment, however, that made it all worth while. Quarterback Buckley, responding to Quarterback Reagan, asked roving linebacker Ellsworth Bunker to block out a number of Reagan's objections. Bunker, with all the charm of the Ancient Mariner, proceeded to do so in great eye-glazing monotonic prolixity. Buckley, however, saved the day. When Bunker had finished, and even as the first snores arose, he looked at Reagan and said: "Put that in your pipe and smoke it." Now that's the sort of thing that wins ball games, and the right note on which to end the first half of Super Sunday.

■ Calling all psychohistorians: or, What in the world does all this mean? Item: Jimmy Carter is on record as having officially reported two flying saucer sightings. Item: Jimmy Carter has requested that the government reopen its investigation into UFOs. Item: Jimmy Carter's favorite movie, according to Washington scuttlebutt, is *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, which he has reportedly watched several times in the White House. We won't draw any conclusions here. But remember the job they did on Richard Nixon for watching *Patton*?

—CATO

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commentary on this supposedly civilized society that many mothers have never been taught the basics of child psychology, child socialization, child-feeding, and just plain mothering. If we were to require all mothers, with a threat of jail, to obtain a license certifying their basic competence in these areas, it would go far toward protecting infants against vicissitudes of what some brethren still term "the accident of birth," and the dawn of utopia would be at hand, hosanna in the highest.

■ President Carter was careful, in re the Crown of St. Stephen, to distinguish between the *people* of Hungary, to whom he was returning it, and the *government* of Hungary, which was merely to be its (temporary?) custodian. Well, the *people* of Hungary found out they were getting their crown back only when the fact was publicized by Radio Free Europe. Only after repeated RFE broadcasts did the state-controlled Hungarian media confide the news to the *people*.

■ Mao's Western adherents and well-wishers have long pleaded that, well, at least, say what you will, you can't deny, etc., the Communists *unified* China. Stabilized it. Made the trains run on time. Now come Miriam and Ivan London in *Barron's* to tell us the truth, namely, that factionalism mars every aspect of life in China: "The factions born in the Cultural Revolution have never died. Indeed, they have become institutionalized

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in all units, including factories. Political instability . . . has repeatedly brought factionalism to the boiling point." Furthermore, they continue, it isn't any quest for ideological purity: it is the raw pursuit of power. For in China, "power, economic benefit, and better living conditions are closely connected." The faction that controls a factory hierarchy, for instance, will distribute promotions only to its own members, neglecting other workers; and there are often two or three competing factions per factory or commune. The Peking-launched political campaigns only worsen the discord, making it perilous for a worker to be without factional ties. Alone he lacks privileges and is subject to purge. The upshot: a constant intergroup tension, dynamically intensifying into gang warfare. Thomas Hobbes, call your office.

■ HUMAN RIGHTS DEPT.: Israel is acting to contain the Christian menace. At the insistence of the right-wing religious faction of Menahem Begin's ruling coalition, a new law, effective April 1, will impose heavy fines and up to five years in prison on anyone who offers "material inducements" to get another to change his religion. The law names no names and is vague about what would constitute such an inducement (a new car? baby-sitting services? a Bible?), but it is universally understood to imply that Christian missionaries are bribing Jews to become Christians—a frequent charge among Israel's more fundamentalist rabbis. Probably nobody will be prosecuted, but the measure is the equivalent of a law in a Christian nation forbidding people wearing skullcaps to poison wells. Since the most generous estimates concede that Christians convert only seventy to eighty Jews a year (some put the figure as low as ten), Israel's 650,000 Christians take the new law as an insult, designed, in the words of some of their spokesmen, to create "a feeling of hate and suspicion against the Christian church." Many Israelis agree, and the liberal-minded among them think the law is toothless in any case. Still, an unfortunate blot on an otherwise democratic society.

■ The Soviets also have the cruise missile, according to Soviet defector Oleg S. Glagolev, a former consultant on strategic arms to the Kremlin. Not only do the Soviets have the cruise, Glagolev says, they have produced three times as many of them as the U.S. and have already deployed them in submarines three hundred to five hundred miles off U.S. coasts.

■ New York's new paper, *The Trib*, is off to a good start despite harassment from the *New York Times* and labor unions. The *Times*, which owns the remains of the old *Herald-Tribune*, is suing over the name although, according to *Trib* editor Leonard Saffir, there are about 250 American *Tribunes*. Delivery was seriously curtailed on the second day of publication when several truck drivers refused to carry *The Trib* to distribution points, so that only 90,000 of 225,000 copies printed (there were to have been 250,000, the first day's run having sold out) reached their readers; the Justice Department is investigating the episode as a possible anti-trust violation. Meanwhile New Yorkers and suburbanites are getting a daily tabloid with a format that more nearly resembles a magazine than the city's other newspapers: short on news items, it features more detailed coverage of major stories, with lots of columns (including those of M. Stanton Evans, George Will, William Raspberry, and John Chamberlain), news analysis, and features on business, sports, home, and entertainment. A little more hot-off-the-wire stuff, and it will be a splendid read.

■ Guess who's going back to Minnesota to run for the seat left open by Walter Mondale's election as Vice President? Harold Stassen.

■ Meanwhile, Wayne (What's Wrong with Having Your Mistress on the Payroll?) Hays says he'll "run for something," maybe Commissioner but probably not Auditor of Belmont County, Ohio. Says Hays, "I'll make an announcement around the first of February." We'll keep you posted.

■ Possibly the most depressing datum of the New Year is George Gallup's annual list of the most admired women in the world. They are either women in politics —Bella, Golda, Indira, Shirley (Chisholm), Barbara (Jordan), Elizabeth (II)—or the wives and mothers of men in politics—Rosalynn, Betty, Pat, Rose, Jacqueline, Lady Bird, Lillian, Mamie, Jihan (Sadat)—with only three who made it on their own in other fields: Anita Bryant, Barbara Walters, and Margaret Mead. Not a writer, an artist, an actress, a model, a singer, a musician in the lot. But it could have been worse. Gloria and Betty and Kate and Germaine didn't make it either.

■ Irving Anker, Chancellor of New York City's public schools, writing in the wake of tests showing that 40 per cent of New York City pupils read at or above the national average for their age, said: "In general, our level of student achievement ranks high compared to other large urban school systems." *Translation*: Our kids can't read, but they can't-read better than kids in Cleveland.

■ FROM FREE ENTERPRISE WITH LOVE: In a Buenos Aires lecture, Friedrich Hayek has developed an extension of monetarism. Since inflation stems largely from excessive printing of government money, Hayek suggests that government be forced into honesty by being deprived of its monopoly of the creation of money. Let private financial entities emit their own currencies, suggests Hayek: the competition would force them to maintain value and not to over-issue. It might also induce refreshing re-

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straint in government itself. While one can sensibly doubt the practical possibility that the government would yield its manipulative monopoly (any more than a carny tout would let go of one of the three shells which hide the pea), and while Hayek admits he is still developing his new concept, there is some precedent for the principle involved. Who forgets how the federally owned TVA was justified—on the ground that it would serve as a "yardstick" by which to measure the performance of private utilities? In effect, Hayek is proposing that private enterprise return the favor by performing a similarly salutary—even therapeutic—service for the U.S. Government.

■ Bob Hope reports that on a recent trip to Washington, he noticed signs reading, "Korean spoken here."

Carter's Year One

If Jimmy Carter's first year in office had been a play, it would have closed in New Haven, judging by the reviews—though, to be fair, he has rounded up a pretty good supporting cast, including Bert Lance, Andy Young, Ham Jordan, and that translator.

The seven-nation, nine-day swing through Europe, the Mideast, and India closed out the year, a last act, and a synecdoche. When Carter said into an open mike in India that Cy Vance should send a "cold and very blunt" letter about nuclear matters to India's Prime Minister, the British *Sun*'s headline ran: "OOPS: Jimmy's Adventures in Blunderland (cont.)." The French got sore when he lectured them on democracy, having failed to raise that subject in Warsaw or Teheran. His celebration of Polish "rights," the hilarious translation gaffes, the mind-numbing remarks about the Shah, about Mitterrand, the suggestion that a Palestinian entity might be attached to Jordan *or Israel*—naah. Come on. As columnist Joseph Kraft put it: "Branch Rickey, the great baseball magnate, once observed that 'luck is the residue of design.' Bad luck, by the same token, happens to people who don't know what they're doing."

An earlier journalist, H. L. Mencken, once quoted a veteran pol on the first law of politics: "When the ship begins to sink, join the rats." That thought must be entering a variety of craniums. The psychological momentum is said to be such that Governor Jerry Brown cannot *not* run in the presidential primaries, and even Teddy Kennedy is reported to be trying hard to lose weight.

The Middle East Again

As the Middle East negotiations re-opened in Jerusalem, it seemed clear that the next move was Israel's, and time was of the essence. The crux, depending on whether your agenda was written in Arabic or Hebrew, is the West Bank (or Judaea and Samaria) and self-determination (or participation). Those who faddishly snicker at diplomacy as at scholastics counting angels dancing on a pin should bite their tongues in the face of this little piece of constructive diplomacy which circumvented a dead end and facilitated the resumption of talks.

Still, diplomacy only creates fleeting opportunities and very soon the real issue must be faced. It won't be easy and it will require Mr. Begin to draw deeply on his domestic political resources, even as Mr. Sadat did when he broke Arab ranks to go to Jerusalem, risked Saudi economic support, and hung his political future (not to mention his life) on his gamble.

Can Begin agree to eventual self-determination for the West Bank and Gaza? Can Israel negotiate within the framework of the UN demand for a withdrawal to the pre-1967 frontiers? Timing, phasing, details all can be negotiated, but the principle cannot be side-stepped. Will Begin's domestic situation (or his own state of mind) allow him the necessary flexibility? If not, we all are in for trouble. And quickly.

If Sadat and Begin narrowly forestalled a new war by their breathtaking commencement of negotiations (and some think they did), then by the same token a dead end could lead very rapidly back to the precipice and over it. Last week's sudden recall of the Egyptian Foreign Minister from Jerusalem was indicative of the fragility that underlies Sadat's bold initiative. Those who talk of negotiations extending on, year after year, may be right, but only if the intricate cogs of Egyptian and Israeli diplomacy can mesh sufficiently to engage firmly at the start and prevent the wheels from suddenly running wildly backward.

This is what puts pressure on Israel to make the next move quickly. The crux is the Palestinians, not because this issue can be solved now in the present context—it can't be—but because an agreement in principle on this issue is required to make it possible to reach a settlement now with Sadat on Sinai. In implementation there are many possible variations, provided there is an understanding on principle that the future disposition of the Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza is not simply a technical administrative problem to be solved by Israeli prescription—to which Sadat could not possibly agree. There could be phasing over a number of years with arrangements to be worked out jointly by Israel, Jordan, Egypt, and the Palestinians; but eventually, whatever the pattern is, it must be ratified by the Palestinians themselves in a free exercise of choice.

In Sinai, Begin may not wish to relax on the Jewish settlements until he is sure he has a deal. This is not bad negotiating tactics at a time when he is dealing domestically with the tender issue of the Palestinians. But if it is more than tactics, there is trouble ahead. The implantation of undigested foreign nodules in Sinai can only be a source of future trouble, as Abba Eban has recognized. The idea of Israeli settlements with Israeli

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ARE THEY PUSHING THE PANIC BUTTON?

Opinion in U.S. Swinging to Right, Pollsters and Politicians Believe
By TERENCE SMITH
Special to The New York Times
WASHINGTON, Dec. 3—In Houston, around the country agreed that those
the proposed equal were not unrelated developments.
They saw those events and others as
Is America Turning Right?
B

The liberal media seem to be. When you see articles like the above turning up in the *New York Times* and *Newsweek* — and dozens of other publications as well — you can't help but wonder. And there is a core of truth in it. Nationwide polls show that Americans *are* in a conservative mood these days (an understandable reaction to what's been happening in this country in recent years?).

So it seems to us, it's *got* to be an ideal time to introduce someone to *National Review*. When you come to think about it why should anyone look for the inside story of this new conservative mood in the pages of the *Times* or *Newsweek*?

Why not do one of these "neo-conservatives" a favor? Make sure he gets his news about conservatives from the fountainhead, *National Review*? It's easy to do. You'll find these potential conservatives among your friends, relatives, neighbors, business and social acquaintances. Just fill out the postpaid card opposite this page and send it to us today. We'll start processing your subscription immediately. Please do it now (while it's fresh in your mind) and start someone off in the *right* direction. Many thanks.

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military protection in an Egyptian land—or of Arab-administered settlements in an Israeli-administered Judaea and Samaria—is a fond nostalgia for a bygone day. Clean, unequivocal frontiers, agreed on with her neighbors, are Israel's best security. It may take years to implement, but what is needed today is an agreement with Egypt which will so fix the negotiating process that it cannot slip the ratchet and run rapidly backward. If that should not be attained, Sadat will have failed and Israel will have lost the advantage of negotiating with the largest, most powerful, *and* most tractable of its rivals. Sadat might fall but Egypt would not, and Israel, much weakened internationally, would be surrounded by a reunited, re-envenomed enemy, open to the return of the Russians.

But if the demands on Begin and Sadat are great, so are they on the U.S., which must operate on two levels: first, in our traditional role as Israel's mentor (and, increasingly, "Dutch uncle") and, second, as a "good officer" to both sides, who want us involved because they want any settlement to be in gear with the structure of the Free World. To do this, the U.S. must couple its partisan role vis-à-vis Israel to a broader, more judicious one—if not neutral, then at least balanced so as to be able to exert influence on both sides. This requires cool restraint and statesmanship of an order to which we have not been uniformly accustomed over the past year. Still, we can be grateful that Secretary Vance was in Jerusalem last week, and that President Carter was at the other end of the phone.

The Politics of Bathos

It would be nice to think that grief was responsible for the confusions in Vice President Mondale's eulogy of his friend Hubert Humphrey; but, unfortunately, Mondale stricken sounded no different from Mondale sober. Humphrey, Mondale quoted approvingly, said "that life was not meant to be endured but, rather, to be enjoyed" —ironic, since the net political effect of the Mondales of this world has been to make life in America less enjoyable. For instance: "When Hubert looked at the lives of black Americans in the Forties he saw endurance but not enjoyment"—a condition which the Mondales propose finally to solve by reinstituting discrimination in the form of busing and quotas. "When Hubert looked at the young, who could not get a good education, he saw endurance and not enjoyment"—so, in deference to the Mondales, state schools are now numerous and bad, while their private counterparts either drop like flies or turn ever more servilely to the federal teat. "When Hubert saw old people in ill health, he saw endurance and not enjoyment." Yet presumably the old would get well if they could pay doctors out of their savings; what have the Mondales done for inflation? "When Hubert saw middle class people striving to survive . . ." Taxes? Social Security? "and working people without jobs . . ." Do the Mondales see black teenagers without jobs? If they did, would they abolish the minimum wage? "he saw endurance," etc., etc.

"He loved to point out that ours is the only nation in the world to officially declare the pursuit of happiness as a national goal"—a declaration which must occur some place other than the Declaration of Independence where, if memory serves, the pursuit of happiness appears as an "inalienable *right*"—something, that is, which it is the government's duty to safeguard, not to have defined and directed by a pack of Mondales in D.C. "In his last major speech in his beloved Minnesota, he wiped tears from his eyes and said: 'A man without tears is a man without heart.' " And a man without brains is a man without thoughts. If the Vice President could only love wisdom as much as he loved his mentor, we might all enjoy life more.

Radio City Music Hall

In this, the age of dope and porn,
I shall allow myself to mourn
The sad demise of Myrna Loy
And *Dumbo* being cutely coy;
The kickers and the ballet queens;
Nativity and Easter scenes,
While intermissions never missed
Transitions from the organist.
So drop a tear and say farewell,
But don't ignore the musty smell.
It isn't wise to raise a fund
For something clearly moribund.

W. H. von Dreele

Prague Winter

A report has reached the West that Czechoslovakian dissidents are preparing to issue a document commemorating the first anniversary of Charter 77, and following up on its account of human rights violations. If the new document proposes to deal with reprisals taken against signers of Charter 77 during this Helsinki-review year, it will have plenty of material to work with.

Three prominent signers—"Chartists," as they are called—and one associate were tried on charges of subversion in October. All were found guilty. Two received suspended sentences; the others, three years in jail. A dozen other signers were interrogated daily for the first week after the Charter was issued. For the most part, though, the regime's reaction to Charter 77 has taken the form of harassment, not jail. E.g., at least eighty

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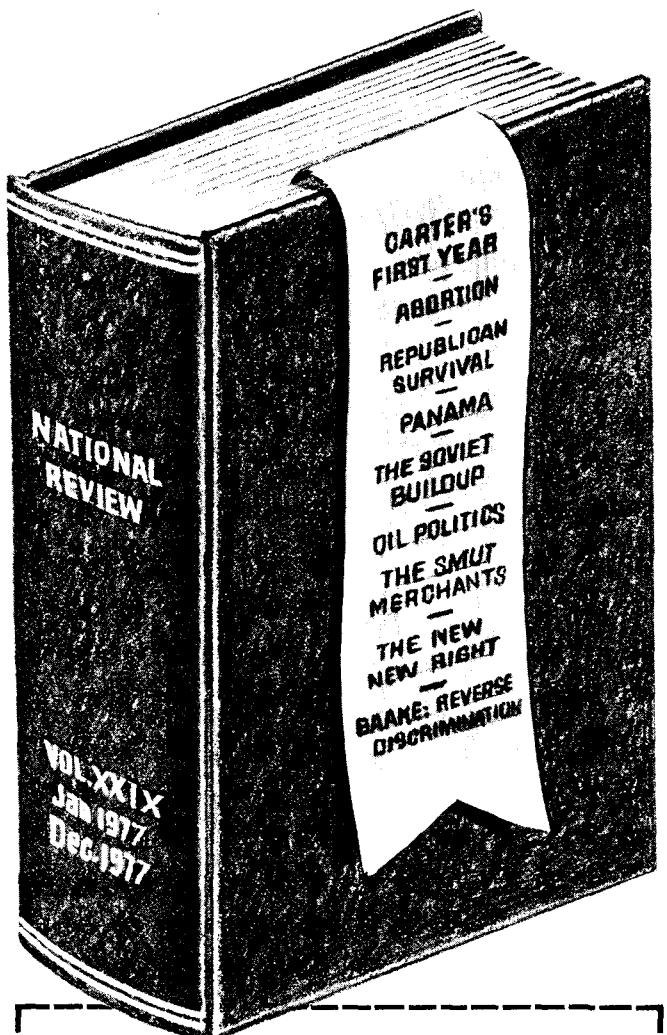

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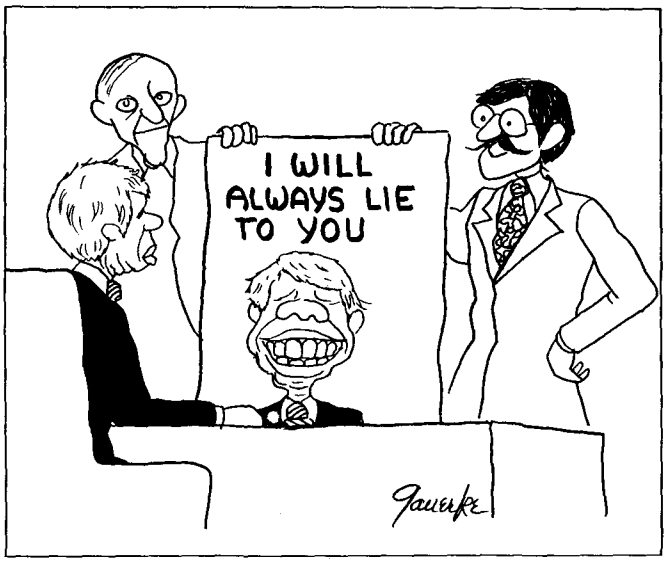

"In order to resurrect your image of honesty and candor, we're making a slight change."

signers have been put out of work completely. And, as one of them, now in exile, reminded the *Washington Post*, in a Communist state that "is not like losing your job in the West. The papers the Communist Party collects on you go with you everywhere; so you are really being sentenced to unemployment." If you do get a job, it will be at something totally unrelated to your training and experience: one signer calls himself a "stoker-philosopher." There are also the specifically tailored harassments: drivers' licenses are suspended, telephones cut off, typewriters confiscated. People are forced, as the playwright Pavel Kohout was, to move out of Prague. Children of dissidents are barred, no matter how impressive their scores, from the university. As Kohout told Czech-born British playwright Tom Stoppard—who wrote about the Chartists in *The New York Review of Books*—"If it wasn't for fear of spoiling their children's education, far more people would sign the Charter. . . . Of course it's understandable, but it is also our tragedy."

However, the regime has not had it all its own way. Said one Chartist: "The government's reaction gave us great publicity. . . . The whole complex of questions is now in the public consciousness and it is impossible to liquidate that." The Charter had 241 signatures when it first appeared; now it has at least 750, from a virtually complete spectrum of Czechoslovakian social and political life: intellectuals, of course, but also genuine workers (not just stoker-philosophers); men who have held high positions in the Communist Party, but also non- and anti-Marxists. And the effects are being felt, far beyond this circle of a few hundred. One Chartist told Stoppard: "A few years ago when we made a protest, people were against us because they thought we would only make things worse for everybody. Now I've found that no one thinks this way any more."

La Nouvelle Censure

M. Jean-François Revel, the iconoclastic columnist for *L'Express*, enjoys the happy position of discovering in the reaction to his books renewed confirmation of the justness of their theses. It is as if Revel, traveling among the Yahoos and mailing off unflattering dispatches about the manners of the people, were pelted in return with balls of dung hurled by the indignant natives.

Last year, Revel decided to realize a tangible return on all this vituperation, so he published a book, called *La Nouvelle Censure* (*The New Censorship*), in which he offers an account of the reception accorded his previous book, *The Totalitarian Temptation*, in which he sought to expose the resistance of articulate culture to hearing the truth about Communism.

In *La Nouvelle Censure*, we learn that Revel's Greek publisher composed, without consulting the author, a preface to the Greek translation of *The Totalitarian Temptation* in which he called Revel's view of Communism completely outmoded (hadn't Revel ever *heard* of Eurocommunism?). In Italy, the translator—also without consulting Revel—attached notes of his own to the corpus of the book to correct supposed errors. Jean Daniel, editor of *Le Nouvel Observateur*, attacked Revel regularly in print, even as he dropped him apologetic notes, light as snowflakes, through the mails. As Revel says of his detractors, "They mostly admit to themselves that I'm right, but find excuses for lying—things like 'This can't be said aloud,' 'This isn't the moment for telling the truth,' 'There's no call to play into the hands of the Right.' "

Doubleday & Co., Revel's American publisher, is still considering whether or not to buy the U.S. rights to *La Nouvelle Censure*. In general, Doubleday is pretty ambiguous about Revel's stuff; when it brought out *Without Marx or Jesus* in 1971, it hired Mary McCarthy to write an Afterword in which she wrote off the book's author, for the sin of pro-Americanism, as an eccentric clown. But Doubleday has a respectable reason, to date, for not taking *La Nouvelle Censure*: in the U.S., the Left

Down for the Count?

Like a whale that's out of water
  Or a tanker on the beach;
Like a mad macaw reacting
  With a window-smashing screech;
Like a blimp that's been deflated
  Or a Samson who's been bobbed,
Bella's ventilating wildly,
  Indicating she was robbed.

W. H. von Dreele

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has dealt with Revel more by ignoring than by denouncing him, so that most of the abuse Revel is addressing himself to in his new book was generated by the literary wars in far-off, exotic Europe.

Hence it is not surprising that a flattering article about Revel, recently published in New York, was written, not by an American, but by the English journalist David Pryce-Jones. On the other hand, it is gratifying that this article should have appeared in the *New York Times Magazine* (the *Times Book Review*, some months ago, published an unusually stupid front-page review of *The Totalitarian Temptation*). If the American attitude toward Revel is actually growing more receptive, the development is well worth ungrudging applause.

A Chinese Puzzle

The exhibition of Chinese peasant art on the rather shabby walls of the Brooklyn Museum's fifth floor galleries does not, of course, mean that the Long March has established a beachhead on Eastern Parkway; for one thing, the show only lasts a month, hardly long enough to convince viewers of the joys inherent in "Occupying the Ideological-Cultural Field in the Countryside" (the title of one picture) or to persuade them that "To Do Manual Labor and Be Always Close to the Commune Members" (another title) is better than going on welfare. Still, one must ask whether, whatever the supposed benefits of cultural exchange, it is the function of an American art museum to serve as a show window for totalitarian art, which, by definition, is pure propaganda.

Allegedly these peasant artists paint only in their spare time, when not working in the fields, building piggeries, having target-practice, or teaching the children to Love Chairman Hua. Many are highly accomplished, for Huhsian County, their home, has a folk art tradition that long antedates the Revolution, so that the brilliant colors, all-over patterns, flattened perspectives with low or nonexistent horizons are typically Chinese and often full of charm. Their blending of realism and naïveté recalls the popular art of Haiti, Brazil, Yugoslavia rather than, heaven be praised, the turgid examples of Socialist Realism vouchsafed us in last year's Soviet exhibition at the Metropolitan. But, with only a few non-ideological exceptions, their aims are just as political; as the catalogue puts it: to "sing the praises of the great leader Chairman Mao and his revolutionary line, the great achievements in socialist revolution and socialist construction," to "create heroic images of the workers, peasants, soldiers." "Work is not . . . a heavy burden; the people in the pictures are full of optimism and joy in their labor." Those who don't paint "criticize and discuss each work, encouraging changes which make the paintings part of a collective vision." A peasant-artist, with an interpreter, was holding a sparsely attended press briefing. I asked him who decided his subject matter; had he ever painted a portrait of his mother, his children? The interpreter did not relay my question; instead she asked me for my press credentials and then changed the subject.

The exhibition will travel to San Francisco's Chinese Cultural Center, to the Chicago Art Institute, to the Otis Art Institute in Los Angeles, and to Houston's Contemporary Arts Institute. One wonders if the San Francisco Museum and the Los Angeles County Art Museum are not on the list because they had the guts to refuse it. Brooklyn's director, Michael Botwick, as no-fault insurance for himself and his institution, has posted a *caveat* explaining, in small-print bureaucratese, that neither he nor his staff is responsible for the exhibition's contents or its catalogue. A more forthright statement, pointing out that the style and subject-matter of all art produced in totalitarian countries like the People's Republic of China is subject to stringent censorship and bureaucratic control, would better serve the viewers, whether they are interested in art or in politics.

—Ruth Berenson

Robert D. Murphy, R I P

An elite career service, such as the U.S. Foreign Service was until the political and social corrosion of the 1960s began to take its toll, needs a few dramatic figures who can act as "pole-stars," giving orientation to others. Ambassador Robert D. Murphy was such a man for Foreign Service officers whose careers fell between the wars, or during World War II and the cold war. A tall, stooped, bluff and jovial Irishman, his career was an inspiration to all whose sense of romance would be sparked by one who had worked with Allen Dulles in Switzerland during World War I, who was present in the Munich beer-hall when Adolf Hitler launched his campaign, who was in France when the Germans walked in, who while accredited to Vichy traveled about North Africa lining up support for American landings to come, who attended the Potsdam Conference, etc.

He knew the deliberate mortal threat which the Soviet Union posed (and still poses) to America and to freedom generally, and his influence on U.S. policy was a strong one. During the Berlin blockade in 1949, he favored sending a U.S. armored division straight up the autobahn to Berlin under the umbrella of our then monopoly of nuclear weapons. Tragically, he did not win this point and he later avowed that if ever there was a time when he should have resigned in protest that was it. It was just as well he didn't, though, because he played a critical role in stabilizing the cold war frontier throughout the 1950s.

In 1957 he was one of the first four career officers to

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be named by the President to the special rank of Career Ambassador.

He was a friend of NATIONAL REVIEW, and we shall miss his friendship and counsel.

Hubert H. Humphrey, R I P

T. S. Eliot once remarked that the verse of *Paradise Lost* must be read twice, once for the music and once for the meaning. Eliot suggested that this indicated a "dissociation" at the heart of Milton's verse. Sound and sense did not quite go together.

Somewhat analogously, a dissociation existed in the phenomenon named Hubert Humphrey, a kind of split focus, a sense of incoherence.

On the one hand there was the Humphrey "music"—the ebullient style, the torrent of words, the beaming gaze, the relentless optimism, the radiant assumption that yes, anything can be done because this, after all, is America. As Jay Gatsby once exclaimed with surprise to Nick Carraway: "Can't repeat the past? Of course you can."

Though not everyone responded with equal enthusiasm to the Humphrey style, it did communicate a sense of essential goodness, a goodness, indeed, of an essentially American kind. Whatever else you wanted to say about Hubert Humphrey, it was impossible to hate him.

Indeed, Humphrey achieved a kind of stylistic apotheosis during the last months of his life, facing the fact of his mortality with courage and good humor, carrying on as well he could, trying to be useful virtually to the end. During the last week of his life he placed a phone call to San Clemente in order to congratulate his old foe Richard Nixon on his 65th birthday, an act of splendid magnanimity. It was this first Humphrey, or aspect of him, that evoked an American mourning that was all but universal.

In addition to the Humphrey style, however, there was also the Humphrey substance, nicely epitomized by the legislative monstrosity now before us which bears his name: the Humphrey-Hawkins so-called full-employment bill. During the 1968 campaign, Nixon's researchers prepared a list of all the bills Hubert Humphrey had either proposed or voted for, many of which of course were vetoed or defeated. Then the researchers calculated what the Humphrey Package would have cost the taxpayers had it all passed into law. The tab was stratospheric.

Historically considered, Humphrey represented an older liberalism in its last and decadent phase. One of the last True Believers, he really *did* believe that you could solve problems by throwing federal money at them.

Nevertheless, it remains true that we do prefer Humphrey to many other liberals possessing similar voting records, prefer him, say, to Senator George McGovern The contrast is instructive. Humphrey never had any illusions about Communism, and he did not think Ho Chi Minh was the George Washington of his country. Moreover, whereas McGovern and many other *nouvelle vague* liberals are self-flagellating puritans with a wide streak of anti-Americanism, Humphrey was born on the Fourth of July.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

I often marvel at your stamina while, at the same time, deploring such habits as working in Cadillacs, typing in planes, writing novels on ocean liners.

A month ago, I was signing books in Macy's in San Francisco and a kindly man came up to me, claimed friendship with you, and was sorry to have to tell me that you were "very sick indeed" in a hospital in Stamford, Connecticut. That night I called the hospital to enquire after your condition. The floor nurse—I guess—said there was no record of your having signed in. But wait. —I waited. She came back and said they thought you might be being "received"—I hoped she'd said "receiving"—next morning.

Next morning, I read a characteristically sassy column, but I know you concoct some measured judgments weeks, or even months, before the event which appears to have provoked them. I called the hospital again and got another nurse who told me, in the tone of a housewife pestered by the salesman for a cheaper light bulb, that you weren't there, had not been there, and were not likely to be there. *Good*bye!

Further, and sassier, columns brought great relief. I presume, from your latest offerings, that your health is as rude as ever.

But, in a column a couple of days ago, there was a tell-tale symptom of fatigue. It came bang at the beginning of the piece. It said—wait for it!—"Thus far . . ." Never had I expected to find "thus far" in the writings of one who has been, *so far*, impeccable in his vernacular, and even in his oracular, prose. Have a care, my friend. A touch more ennui and you'll be writing: "Thus far, hopefully, . . ."

As ever,
Alistair Cooke
New York, N.Y.

Dear Alistair: Thank you for your solicitude. I was under morphine when I wrote that column. Cordially,
Bill

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■ To the Editor
The Washington Post

Dear Sir:

In your story of Sunday January 15 ("NOBODY BUDGES IN BUCKLEY–REAGAN CANAL TREATY DEBATE") your reporter Mr. Ward Sinclair wrote: "Cameras are running. Buckley gives his side. Witty, rapier-like, observing the anomaly of disagreeing with his favorite politician. Super-sure of himself, he says, 'I fully expect that someday I'll be wrong about something.' Moments later, he is. He is wrong about something basic, but the opposition misses it. He says Cortez crossed Panama and was the first to espy the Pacific Ocean. It was Vasco Nuñez de Balboa."

What I said in my speech was, "If there is a full scale atomic war, the Panama Canal will revert to a land-mass, and the first survivor who makes his way across the Isthmus will relive a historical experience—like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes he stared at the Pacific, and all his men looked at each other with a wild surmise—silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The lines are from John Keats. His sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." I felt presumptuous enough correcting Ronald Reagan's foreign policy without straightening out Keats's historical solecism. But tell Mr. Sinclair not to worry: it happens all the time, people's inability to tell where I leave off and Keats begins.
Yours cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Bill:

Mrs. Alfred G. Frisk, 187 Newton Turnpike, Weston, Connecticut 06883 wants you to know, via me (thirty-minute conversation), that she is seriously displeased with your stand on the Panama Canal and couldn't discern a single reason for it in your debate with that nice Mr. Reagan.
Pitts

P.S. She was named for Martha Washington, and her great-great-grandfather was at Ripon.

Pitts: Wasn't Ripon where we gave away slavery? Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It is consoling that someone other than myself feels some regret at giving up the NATIONAL REVIEW. It has not only been useful to me, but it has been a weekly pleasure that I have now enjoyed for nearly 14 years. I, happily, became a subscriber while your late sister was writing those inimitable pieces that could light one up like a lantern.

But I was 79 when I discovered NATIONAL REVIEW, and the inexorable calendar has been steadily losing page after page. I am now six months past the 91 mark, and in the last six months, my eyesight has deteriorated so badly that even with an 8-diopter glass, the words in my copy are indecipherable. To one whose life has been books and the printed word, the frustration is hard to bear. But there is no way I can surmount the obstacle.

In signing off, let me at least have the pleasure of acknowledging my indebtedness to you, personally, for the man who seemed always present on every page of the magazine. I give up the REVIEW with regret.

Sincerely yours,
Col. A. W. Chilton
Las Cruces, N.M.

Dear Colonel Chilton: Thank you. —WFB

Dropping the Pilot

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A United States of Europe?

From the Continent

ERIK von KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

MANY AUTOMOBILES in Europe nowadays sport, next to their national tag, a decorative sign with the letters "EU," often surrounded by a multi-colored band which represents the flags of the still free European nations. "EU" may be interpreted as either the first syllable of Europe or the abbreviation for Europe Uni, the European Union. In any case, it is one symbol of a United States of Europe.

The juxtaposition of a national and a pan-national insignia is itself rich in symbolism, hinting at the political and psychological complexity involved in any transnational endeavor. Even a firm nationalist like de Gaulle could proclaim, "Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals," though his vision was of *une Europe des patries*, a Europe of the fatherlands.

The movement to unite the Continent gained its modern momentum after the First World War when Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi, a writer of Flemish, Greek, and Japanese ancestry, founded the Pan-Europe Movement. However, there are many currents in the movement—some political or economic, others religious (the Liga Europa is decidedly of Christian inspiration)—and the differences among their goals have perhaps done as much as tensions between nations to impede full unification.

On the surface, the momentum would seem to be toward unification. Most people, and especially the young, have some consciousness of being European in addition, say, to being Italian or German. And though the notion of Pan-Europeanism was an upper-class creation, it can now claim supporters from every social stratum. For the working classes the motivation may be primarily negative: a distaste for the giants to the East and to the West—the hated Russians and the envied and (after Vietnam) distrusted Americans —as well as bitter memories of this century's two almost suicidal European wars, which tend to deter virulent nationalistic sentiment. And then there is simple economics, compelling greater interdependence among countries, more frequent trade of products and technology. A poster in the Paris *métro*, advertising "the finest products of German industry," no longer provokes nationalistic scorn. Big businesses and banks freely send money across borders, for they realize that an economic slump in another country may mean a recession in theirs as well. Autarky is a premodern luxury.

BUSINESS ALSO works toward unity on the human level. Higher income means more travel, and the number of tourists has been rising. The so-called guest-workers also number in the millions. The result is not merely increased productivity, or the exchange of lira for pounds, francs for deutschemarks. Cultures are mixed and a real appreciation of the amenities of another society is gained.

But not always. Foreign contacts foster both xenophilia and xenophobia. For every Frenchman who appreciates German craftsmanship, there is another whose nationalism is reinforced by his observations of German character. It is the same polar reaction which occurs in American visitors to Europe: enchantment, or resentment mixed with incomprehension.

To gain a true understanding of what it means to be European—in the sense of the Old Continent—requires the experience of having been outside the European (and Western) orbit. One cannot read a book by pressing one's nose to it, nor size up a building while leaning against it. Yet Europeans who have traveled to other continents are few. Most continue to believe that their own convictions, prejudices, and traditions are universal, that other peoples are to be distinguished from Europeans only by the color of their skins. The special heritage of the West, with its Christian (Europe is the Faith and the Faith is Europe, said Hilaire Belloc), Greek, Roman, and Semitic influences, goes unappreciated.

This ethnocentrism is especially widespread in farming regions. Few farmers travel abroad and fewer still employ foreigners. They rarely know another language. And they are frightened by the prospect of the cheaper foreign wine, fruits, and vegetables that would flood their countries in a united Europe. Unification of the agricultural sector within the EEC, therefore, has been troublesome, and agricultural Spain's request to enter the EEC has been fanatically opposed by French and Italian "agrarians."

Finally, though, it is the West European political structure which probably dooms any unification plan. The system is geared to short-term goals. Any move of long-term significance—no matter how beneficial ultimately—gets buried in the struggle for survival by bureaucrats and politicians. Unification would probably not drive people to the barricades. But it might cause farmers to strike or workers (prodded by Communist labor bosses who oppose the formation of a united Western front) to march in the streets—a danger sign to democratic political leaders.

Any unification would require several painful "surgical interventions." Every good doctor must sometimes hurt his patient; but is this patient willing to accept that? In Eastern Europe, unification—economic *and* political—has been achieved and sustained under the military pressure of the Soviet Communists. Obviously, no such pressure is feasible or desirable in the West. Still, that example highlights our problem: a European confederacy cannot be created through endless quibbling. It can be created only by naked power, as in the East, or by genuine authority, such as the pre-1914 monarchs had. The creation of the German nation in the early part of this century is a perfect case in point. Prussians, Bavarians, and Saxons joined only under the central authority of the *Kaiserreich*, a true *empire des patries*. But this "royal road," unfortunately, has been closed. □

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COVER STORY

A Year of Jimmy Carter at Home

YALE BROZEN

NOW THAT PRESIDENT Carter has been in office for a year, it is an appropriate time to examine what he has produced. The first thing that strikes an observer is that the Administration evidently thinks its most important product is its image. The largest White House division is the press relations group, with more staffers than the National Security Council: there are 41 people involved with national security, and 45 engaged in manufacturing a Carter image.

The image the Administration projects varies greatly from what it does. We read that President Carter is checking his campaign promises to make sure that he delivers. But in fact the Administration's actions add up to repeated violations of the overriding themes of the Carter campaign.

Candidate Carter promised to reorganize the Washington bureaucracy, trim its size, cut its power, and reduce the role of the Federal Government in our lives. What we saw in practice during his first year, however, was a major thrust by President Carter to increase the size and power of the federal bureaucracy. He supported proposals for creating a new agency (Office of Consumer Representation), for giving added power to an existing agency (NLRB), and for extending the regulatory work of the Federal Government to include local electricity rates, formerly the province of state regulatory agencies. He also added a whole new department, the Department of Energy.

President Carter's energy program turned out to be a camouflaged attempt to smuggle in a tax increase. The rhetoric of the Carter campaign was tax reduction; the actuality of the Carter Administration is a tax increase. Users of petroleum products are to join smokers and drinkers as reprobates who must pay for their sins—and thereby become an important source of federal revenues.

Another of the campaign themes was a promise to do something for the cities. The cities' major problems were the high unemployment rate among minority teenagers, juvenile delinquency, and crime in the streets. What the Administration did was to support a rise in the minimum wage to $2.65 an hour. This raised the cost of employing a teenager—given the Social Security and unemployment-compensation payroll taxes—from $2.60 to $3 an hour, starting January 1. This guarantees that the minority unemployment problem will worsen and that cities will have to pay more for policing and welfare. Move over, New York. President Carter is going to give you company.

Still another Carter program will, if it succeeds, further exacerbate minority unemployment. Despite its promise to minority leaders that it would tackle minority unemployment, and despite its campaign promise to get the Federal Government off our backs, the White House is pushing for the Labor Reform Bill (HR-8410 and S-1883), which, if it becomes law, will grant the National Labor Relations Board powers that will help unions to extract larger wage increases and to organize more non-union employees. The bill should be called the National Unionization and Unemployment Act, for it will restrict growth in job opportunities in many sectors of the economy and generate more minority unemployment. George Meany packs more clout than Vernon Jordan.

IN ITS ZEAL to do something for consumers, and about inflation, the Administration has raised price supports for milk (despite the surplus that was being created by the old, lower price supports), increasing its cost by six cents a gallon. It has also cut back on imports of inexpensive shoes, in an endeavor to motivate the poor to lead healthier, barefoot lives. And since TV programs teach nothing but sinful ways, this Administration has restricted imports of color TV sets, which will raise prices by 15 per cent. Sin will, presumably, be less attractive in black and white. And the Administration is boosting the price of sinful sugar by four cents a pound. Consumer advocates, why haven't we heard from you now that we need you?

A comparison of the Carter Administration's maritime policy and its policy on oil producers presents the spectacle of an Administration talking out of both sides of its mouth. It wants to prevent "windfall profits"—but not to everybody. Only those producers of crude who invested in domestic wells before 1973 and provided us with the oil that kept our gasoline so cheap for so long are to be prevented from wallowing in profits. The owners of tankers, on the

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other hand, are to be presented with even more profits than they already are enjoying from tanker rates that have doubled since Alaskan oil began to flow. The Administration proposal to force an increase in the portion of imported oil carried in American bottoms from 3.9 to 9.5 per cent was defeated, but it would have added $240 million a year to the coffers of shipowners and maritime union members. (The maritime unions had contributed more than $100,000 to Mr. Carter's campaign. They could well afford the contribution, since the average sailor receives $26,000 a year—nearly twice the annual earnings of the average factory worker—and the average merchant officer receives $53,000 a year.)

This attempted bit of larceny is, believe it or not, topped by a policy which not only increases the cost of shipping crude oil but also wastes petroleum—a cardinal sin under this Administration. The producers of Alaskan crude wanted to land their crude in Japan, trading it for Japanese-owned crude from the Middle East to be landed on the East Coast. That would have reduced shipping costs by $1 a barrel and saved the domestic fuel that would otherwise be burned in carrying Alaskan crude all the way around to the Gulf and East Coasts. The Administration forbade the swap. By insisting that all Alaskan crude be carried in American bottoms to American ports, it has denied the state of Alaska the larger royalties it would have collected and presented American sailors and shipowners with windfall profits.

Another Carter campaign promise was a balanced budget by 1980. Is the budget being moved toward balance? It is not. The deficit—$45 billion last year—will *not* fall to a lower level this year. Instead, the deficit is being increased by one-third, to $60 billion for fiscal 1978—the second largest deficit in American history. It will increase even more in fiscal 1979, to $67 billion, setting a new record.

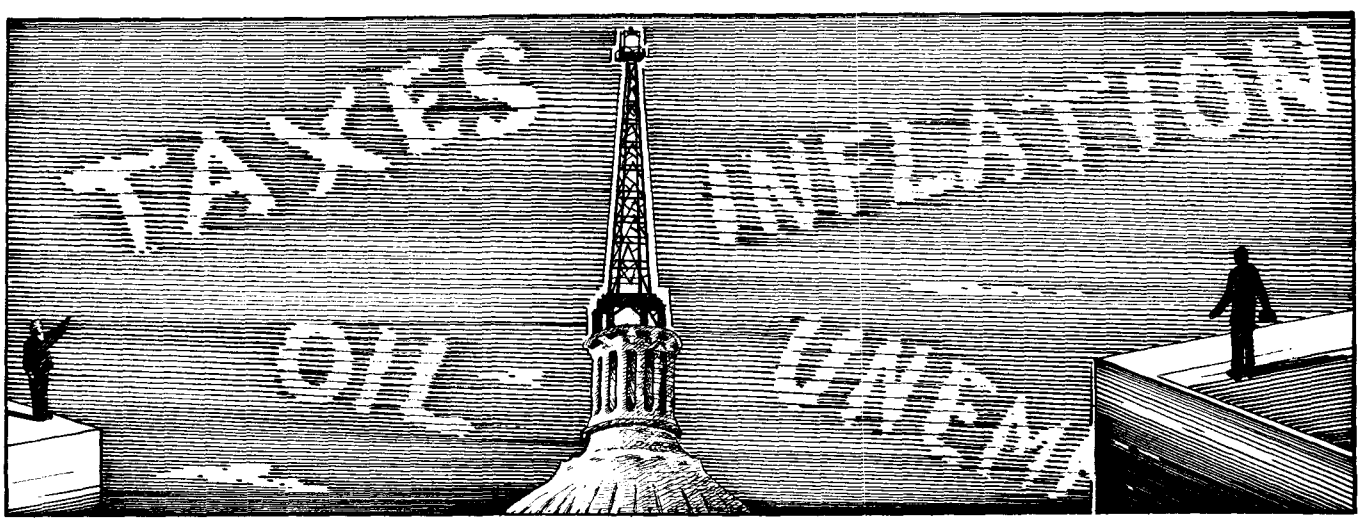
During his campaign, candidate Carter pledged to deregulate the price for new supplies of natural gas. He gave this promise, in writing, to the governors of Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas. But now—yet another unkept campaign promise—President Carter is trying to extend regulation to now-unregulated intrastate gas sales, despite the written promise to deregulate that candidate Carter gave.

The politician's gift for exporting blame is being classically illustrated by the current reaction to deficits and rising interest rates. The Administration and George Meany blamed tight-fisted old Arthur Burns, the now-departed chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, for the rise in interest rates. He was made the patsy for the enormous drain from the capital markets caused by the Treasury's selling billions in government debt to raise the money to finance the deficit. It is the Treasury's demand for capital that is forcing interest rates to higher levels. If competition on the part of government for the available capital were lessened, interest rates would not be rising. Yet, it was Arthur Burns who was blamed for the rise!

At the end of September, the Joint Economic Committee of Congress joined Carter and Meany in blaming the Federal Reserve for the rise in short-term interest rates on Treasury bills from 4.5 per cent in April to 6 per cent in September (although long-term rates on government bonds fell from 7.50 per cent to 7.43 per cent and those on corporate AAA bonds from 8.04 to 7.90 per cent). The Committee joined the chorus even though the Federal Reserve had purchased an astonishing $12.8 billion of U.S. Treasury securities in the preceding three weeks (September 7 to 28) in its attempt to hold down the rise in short-term rates.

The Joint Economic Committee's call at that time for a looser monetary policy, in the face of a 10 per cent money growth rate in the preceding six months, can only be characterized as the ultimate absurdity in the economic policy scene. To say, as the Committee did, that the Fed's independence should be ended because its policy was too restrictive was to call for hyperinflation and financial ruin.

Although Burns was painted as a tight-fisted central banker more interested in stemming inflation than in providing jobs, the Federal Reserve in fact allowed the money supply to increase faster than was good for either stemming inflation *or* providing jobs. The more rapid the growth in the amount of money chasing goods, the more inflation we will have. Before Carter took office, the amount of money in circulation was growing at a 5 per cent annual rate. Since he took office, the amount of money has grown at an 8 per cent annual rate. The result of this 60 per cent increase in the money growth rate is going to be an escalation in the rate of inflation from 5.5 per cent in the period preceding



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Carter's inauguration to 7 per cent by the end of the next year. If the Federal Reserve stays as loose as it has been in the past year, not only will the rate of inflation escalate to 7 per cent, but long-term AAA bond rates will rise from 8 to 10 per cent in the next two years, mortgage rates will go from 9 to 11 per cent, the stock market will decline even more, foreign exchange rates will continue to drop even from their current record lows, and our descent from world power to banana republic will continue.

Fortunately, the Federal Reserve seems to have awakened to its responsibilities. It has started, very tardily, to slow the rate at which it is dumping money into the economy. That is what provoked howls of anguish from George Meany. He and his unions helped cause unemployment by overpricing labor, and then put the blame on imports and Arthur Burns. The steel industry, for example, is in trouble because it is paying wage rates 64 per cent higher than those paid the average manufacturing employee, up from a premium of 18 per cent in 1952 and 40 per cent in 1973. If the steel industry's employment costs were at the same level as those of other manufacturing industries, it would be hiring people instead of laying them off.

One thing, however, for which we can praise the Carter Administration is its refusal to imitate one of the worst blunders of the Ford Administration. President Carter recommended that Congress not pass the $50 rebate which he had proposed. For this he should be commended.

The Administration should also be praised, in my opinion, for its request to Congress that tolls be imposed for the use of federally maintained waterways, for its veto of the breeder reactor program, and for its attempt to reduce the waste of capital in uneconomic water projects.

ON THE PLUS SIDE also is the White House move to loosen the regulation of airlines and trucking. Remembering the boom that followed the deregulation of industry and agriculture when, in 1935, the Supreme Court ruled unconstitutional the laws that had established the National Recovery Administration (NRA) and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, I suggest that President Carter abolish the ICC, the CAB, the FPC, the FEA, the unit in the Department of Labor that sets minimum construction wage rates, etc. The Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC) simply operates an NRA for the surface transportation industry. The CAB operates an NRA for the airline industry. And these little NRAs are strangling us.

The laws enacted by Congress are often ironically mislabeled. The National Industrial Recovery Act prevented recovery. Once it was removed, recovery began. It should have been labeled the National Industrial Depressant Act. If its various descendants were removed, we would see a maintenance of the high real growth rates that we enjoyed in the first half of last year. Absent the abolition of these little NRAs, the real growth rate of the economy will drop from the 6 per cent level of last year to a 4 per cent level this year.

But why would anyone expect a decline in the growth rate of the economy at this point? (Notice that I am not saying we are going into a recession—only that the boom in output will be less boomy.) The major reason for the forecast is this: The normal growth rate of our economy in a period of prosperity is approximately 3 to 4 per cent. That is, given the normal rate of increase in the work force, in capacity, and in productivity, we are, in a normal period, able to increase our output about 4 per cent a year. During the recovery from a recession we have rates of growth higher than 4 per cent because we are putting idle capacity

Our economy—given the new work registration requirements, the rewards for not working, and the normal flow of workers from job to job and into and out of the market—must now be regarded as fully employed

and manpower back to work as well as adding to the labor force and capacity. Thus in the current recovery, which began in April 1975, we have averaged a 6 per cent annual real growth. But the recovery is now nearly complete. In the last half of last year, we dropped to the 5 per cent growth rate dictated by the little remaining slack in the economy.

Now, it may seem surprising to say that the recovery is nearly complete when the official unemployment rate stands at 7 per cent. In a normally prosperous period, the unemployment rate used to stand at around 4 to 5 per cent—not much lower than that, though, since there are always some people who voluntarily quit their jobs to look for better positions, some who are just entering the work force and looking at several job offers before they finally accept one, some seasonal workers who prefer such work to year-round jobs, and so forth. The normal 5 per cent also includes teenagers and others priced out of the market by the minimum wage law, and people who are jobless because they prefer their non-taxed unemployment compensation and trade adjustment assistance to working.

Why, then, am I now willing to call our economy almost fully employed with the unemployment rate standing at 7 per cent? The primary reason is that many people are registered as looking for work who formerly would not have registered. To be eligible for food stamps, each able-bodied person between 18 and 65 years of age in a recipient household must register for employment. A similar requirement exists in other welfare programs such as Aid to Dependent Children. This relatively new requirement adds to the list of the unemployed a great many people who are not seeking work and who formerly would not have been registered among the unemployed. Ninety per cent of these compulsory registrants are *never* placed in jobs or even in training programs, whereas the normal unemployed person is, on the average, placed in a new job or rehired within eight to twelve weeks after he leaves his previous job. The net result of these new requirements is a rise in the official unemploy-

(Continues on page 148)

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help!!!!

SPLUTTER OF UNDERSTANDABLE INDIGNATION BY CHAIRMAN OF MEDALS-FOR-MALINGERERS RALLY, AT SMART-ALECK PROPOSAL FROM FLOOR.

"How about C.O.s just clamming up about their consciences, accepting military training, and when in combat, aiming to miss? In this way no question of Amnesty would ever have to arise, nobody's conscience would be violated, there would be no groundless but embarrassing suspicion that concern for their own skins might have contributed to their disaffection, and best of all, when it was over, they could have a big yuk at the expense of the Sergeant, the Army, and the War itself!"

From Authorized Pre-"Edited" version of *The Boggle*, by John Kreuttner.

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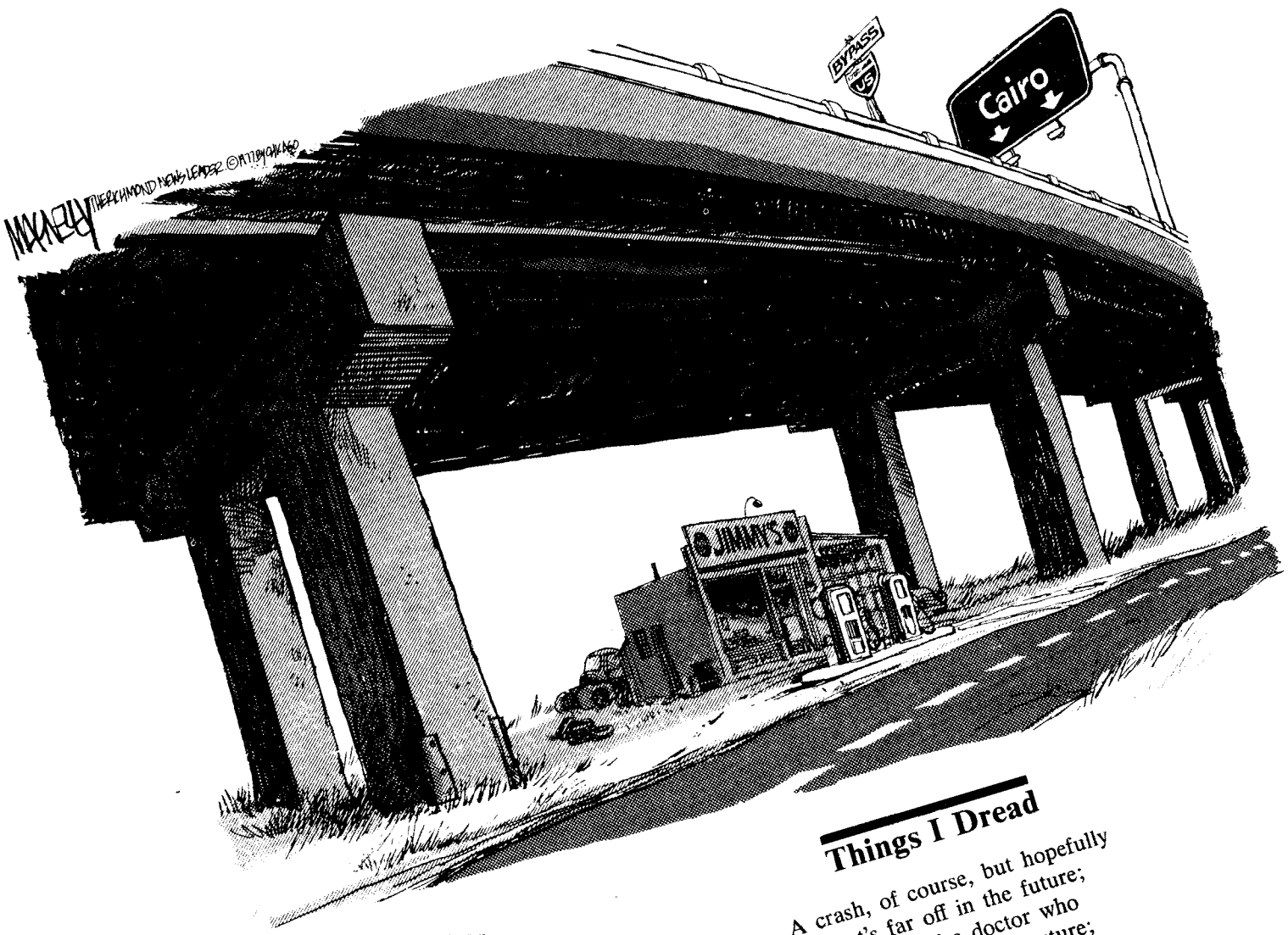
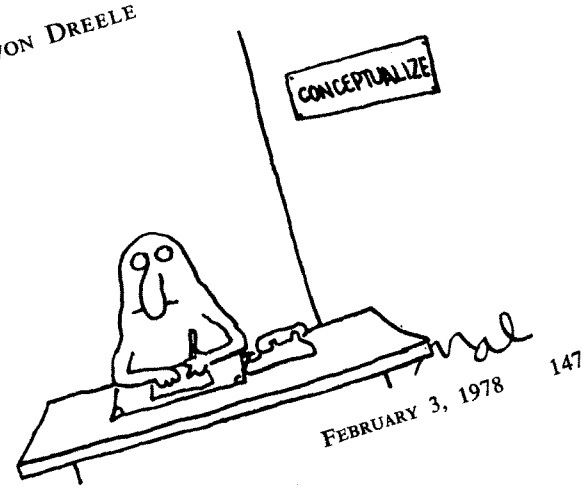


Things I Dread

A crash, of course, but hopefully
That's far off in the future;
A hambone of a doctor who
Approaches with a suture;
A stomach that's off-center just
Because my eyes were bigger;
But most of all I dread to see
My New Year's FICA figure.

W. H. VON DREELE

"Let's fly over once more and really shake them up."



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ment rate by two percentage points. Thus, our economy—given these work registration requirements, the rewards for not working, and the normal flow of workers from job to job and into and out of the market—must now be regarded as fully employed when the reported unemployment rate approximates 6 per cent.

So, with a nearly complete recovery, output will be rising at a normal 3 to 4 per cent rate instead of the 6 per cent rate of last year. It would rise more rapidly if it were not for the rise in the federally mandated minimum wage rate and the rise in the negotiated minimum wage rates for new hires under union contracts. (One example of high starting rates where a union contract sets the wage is the $6- to $8-an-hour rates for railroad trainees.) But as matters stand, I have no hope for a decline in the unemployment rate among 16- to 21-year-old workers—which is now at unprecedented levels despite a very large rise in the total number of jobs in the last three years. (Since March 1975, the total number of civilians employed has leaped from 84 million to 92 million.)

U.S. policy is shaped by a fiction and founded on a fallacy. The fiction is that our high official unemployment rate is the consequence of incomplete recovery from the 1974 recession

Current Administration policy is being shaped by a fiction and is founded on a fallacy. The fiction is that our high official unemployment rate is the consequence of an incomplete recovery from the 1974 recession. The fallacy is that a) we need to increase the demand for goods and b) increased federal spending will stimulate real demand and create more jobs.

I have already discussed the fiction that our high official unemployment rate means that the economy's recovery is inadequate. We *have* nearly recovered from the recession. Our real output is 10 per cent above its previous peak (fourth quarter 1973). It is true that a normal recovery would put us 14 per cent above our previous peak, but we have so greatly increased the rewards for not working and have diverted so much capital to financing federal deficits that our capacity to produce has grown less rapidly than would be usual over a four-year period of recession and recovery.

The fallacy on which current Administration policy is based is that if we are to reach full recovery, we need to stimulate the demand for goods by increasing the federal deficit. This Keynesian nostrum—designed for a deflationary economy with rock-bottom interest rates, in which fixed-dollar short-term obligations and money are better investments than plant, equipment, and residential construction—is *exactly the wrong medicine* to prescribe for an inflationary economy with sky-high interest rates, in which any real investment, such as a residence or land or even gold, is preferable to fixed-dollar obligations and money.

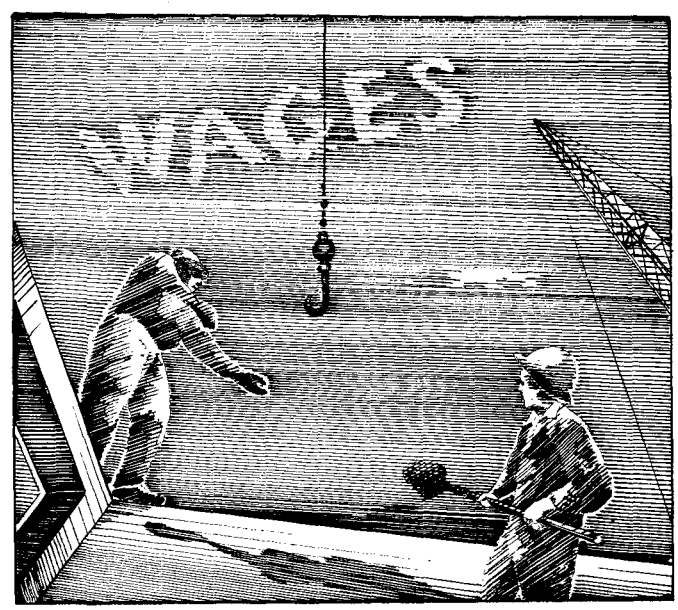
Demand for goods and services grew by a remarkable 11 per cent in the past year (third quarter 1976 to third quarter 1977). If there had been no increase in money wage rates, the number of hours worked would have increased by 11 per cent. However, the number of civilian jobs in the past year increased by only 3.8 per cent. What happened to the rest of the 11 per cent increase in demand?

Output and the number of jobs failed to grow more despite the great increase in demand because much of that increase was soaked up in paying an 8.8 per cent increase in hourly compensation (in the private business sector). That left only a minor part of the 11 per cent increase in spending with which to provide more jobs.

We don't need a faster rise in spending to create more jobs. We need a slower rise in money wage rates. A slower rise in money wage rates would mean a faster rise in output and employment and a slower rise in prices. The greater volume of goods turned out would result in higher real wage rates despite the slower rise in nominal wage rates.

To cure minority teenage unemployment—now near a scandalous 40 per cent level—we must stop any further increases in the minimum wage rate and in the starting rates for newly hired employees set in union contracts.

When President Carter examines methods for improving job opportunities for minority workers, he should think in terms of cutting government expenditures and diverting fewer funds from the private economy—funds which would go to providing jobs if they were not absorbed in financing government deficits. Increased public employment financed by more government borrowing, as would be provided by the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, is not the direction in which Carter should be marching. He should about-face, and start *actually* keeping his campaign promises instead of grinding out press releases *saying* he is keeping them. □



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YEAR-END REVIEW

Jimmy Meets the World

JAMES BURNHAM

REFLECTING ON Jimmy Carter's conduct of foreign affairs during his first year in office, my strongest impression was of the continuity of American global policy over the 33 years since the end of World War II. I do not mean that the policy has remained unchanged. The changes in these postwar years, however, have been gradual and cumulative shifts, never quantum jumps.

Even the extent of the accumulated change does not seem very large on a broad scale. A State Department Rip Van Winkle who went to sleep in the Fifties wouldn't need much time to adjust on waking in the Seventies. He would have to call it "detente," but NATO's weapons would still be pointing eastward, and his superiors would still be trying to figure out how to "contain" further Soviet interventions. The arguments over SALT would sound like a rerun of the "missile gap" dispute. He would need a short briefing on China, but he would find the only U.S. ambassador to China still in Taiwan. In the UN Assembly he would have to get used to the 90 per cent anti-U.S. vote, but the familiar absurdities of the speeches and resolutions would make him feel at home.

From some perspectives, this continuity in global policy—the seemingly steady course even if no one knows just where we are heading—looks puzzling. Consider the list of Presidents during these 33 years: Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower, John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter. A mixed crew, however you shake them. Nevertheless, each picks up from his predecessor and carries on without a break or even much of a bump.

Moreover, nothing that any of them has said before or may say after his term of office seems to interfere much with the smooth (in the mathematician's sense) transition from one to the next. On the hustings they may have denounced their predecessor's foreign policy as irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial, and as leading to disaster for the nation, the Free World, and mankind. In their memoirs, they (and their publicists) may, indeed will, modestly suggest that only their wisdom and courage gave the nation and the world another chance. But the deeper you penetrate beneath the rhetoric, the more they resemble clones bred from the same historical root.

One Nation Indivisible

The sharp debates over foreign policy take place between the Ins and the Outs. But the very act of taking over power or participating actively in its exercise smooths out the conflicts. No matter how bitterly the officers of the new watch may have condemned the navigating of their predecessors, they have got to make do with the same craft and keep within the same channels.

The United States is a vast, institutionalized, bureaucratized social aggregate, a Going Concern with an enormous momentum of its own. It is located within a still vaster global structure not of its making, some sectors of which are relatively loose and amorphous, and therefore subject to manipulation by deliberate pressures, but much of which is, from the point of view of the U.S., a merely given (though not, of course, static) frame within which U.S. foreign policy must be conducted.

The U.S. does not have any integrating, specific, dynamic foreign policy objective. As a Going Concern it seeks to keep going—indeed, it does keep going—in more or less the established direction: seeks to avoid military destruction and to keep as much as possible of the world open to economic intercourse.

There is really not much leeway for presidential improvisation on any but a minor scale. There sits the Soviet Empire, a second superstate built on foundations that decree inevitable and continuous conflict with the North American superstate, with its loosely constructed federation. Once a citizen sits in the Oval Office, he has no way of avoiding that given reality; the possible responses to it are narrowly limited, whatever he has said or believed before he was sworn in. No President, no matter how much he dislikes or resents it, can abolish the fact that, for a while yet, the U.S. and its allies can't do without oil from the Mideast; from that fact flows a lengthy chain of foreign policy imperatives. One President may prefer a somewhat different mix of strategic weapons than another President ordered, but no President is going to junk our strategic arsenal; no President, for that matter, will reduce the arsenal below the level he believes needed for the nation's security.

Your Style and Mine

I think that Patrick Caddell, in the "Initial Working Paper on Political Strategy" that he prepared for Jimmy Carter during the 1976-77 interregnum, was making the point around which I have been circling when he stressed that a political leader must not make the mistake of neglecting style for substance. This is not just a cynical prescription for re-election. There really isn't much the leader can do about substance anyway; at most, his personal influence will be marginal, and then only when his style carries others along with him.

What has been Carter's accomplishment in global affairs during his first year in office? In substance, not much, surely. Nothing special you can point to and say, "Here's one that Carter wrapped up and delivered." The blank record is not necessarily cause for regret. If Carter had no important achievements in foreign policy to rack up, there were also no disasters. Global affairs stumbled along, and by and large we didn't make out too badly. Carter didn't get us into any unwinnable wars. He didn't sink the Navy or ground the Air Force. The bitter, widespread anti-Americanism of a few years ago continued to recede. It seems hard to cast Jimmy as Villain. For the past year we have been getting along

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pretty well with our allies, even with touchy ones like France and Mexico. We're even on speaking terms again with India, after her 12 years of working the other side of the street.

True, many serious people have in recent months been criticizing, often very severely, Carter's performance in foreign policy. However, on important issues—among which I do not include his choice of Polish translators or inattention to live mikes—these criticisms are in almost all cases directed against what the critic predicts will or may result in the future, not what has in fact resulted in the year 1977, to which my present comments are confined.

Maybe the SALT II treaty that actually gets signed rather than leaked in bits and pieces will be a capitulation to the Kremlin, but we don't yet know for sure what that final text will be, nor, maybe, does Carter—who may conceivably figure that plenty of prior leaks and public controversy are a useful aid to negotiation. Maybe Carter is abandoning the Red Sea and the Horn of Africa to the Soviets, but in 1977 all the Soviets got from Ethiopia and the Horn was plenty of trouble, including the loss of a key strategic installation. Maybe Carter is plotting a sellout of Taiwan, but so far Taiwan is flourishing and Washington–Taipei relations seem serene. We did ten times as much business with Taiwan in 1977 as with Mainland China. In his campaign Carter may have talked about bringing the boys back home, but in Brussels a couple of weeks ago he promised our allies both more men and more weapons.

Land of Liberty

The most conspicuous feature of the Carter style in foreign policy has, of course, been the pervasive "human rights" motif. It is too early to judge whether this is merely rhetorical flourish or will have significant pragmatic consequences. It has already had *some* consequences, among them the freeing of quite a number of "prisoners of conscience," and some loosening of dictatorial restraints in several countries. It also seems to have lost the American arms industry several contracts. It hasn't done too much for dissidents in Communist countries, but the dissidents themselves are all for it and insist it is helpful for the longer run. It is undeniable that the human rights campaign has done something with few precedents since 1917: it has thrown the Soviet and other Communist governments on the psycho-moral defensive.

Apart from the pragmatic balance sheet, there is a lot to be said for the stress on human rights. Even if it is mostly talk, it's good and appropriate talk for the leaders of this country to be using. We do well to remind ourselves as well as others that our nation was conceived in Liberty, and founded on the Truths that *all* Men are endowed with certain inalienable Rights; that Governments derive their just powers from the Consent of the Governed, and that the People retain the Right to alter or abolish any Form of Government that becomes destructive of its proper Ends.

The Carter Administration's style is pitched lower than the Kissinger/pre-Watergate Nixon style. By choice and necessity, there is no attempt to match the razzle-dazzle, the breath-taking shuttles, the secretly prepared surprises. In substance, though, as usual, there have been no sharp breaks. In the Mideast, Carter and Vance continue to develop Nixon's strategic line of "a more even-handed policy," as it was announced by William Scranton when he journeyed to the Mideast as Nixon's unofficial envoy in the autumn of 1968. Our present cooperative relations with Egypt are linked to Egypt's break with Moscow, to which Nixon-Kissinger notably contributed, and to U.S. participation in the 1973 Sinai settlement. Like Nixon, Carter knows that our Mideast policy has got to square a circle: to reconcile our indispensable material requirement of Arab oil with our moral commitment to Israel. Toward this paradoxical end there has been at least one considerable advance during Carter's first year. For a rapidly enlarging portion of the American public, Arabs, who in the past have been exotic, camel-riding, tent-living barbarians, have become people. In a TV movie I saw the other night, Arabs were not only literate like you and me but the good guys.

Brzezinski, in the pre-Carter past, criticized the Nixon-Kissinger foreign policy as overly occupied with the Soviet Union. Relatively more attention should be paid, he argued, to the other Communist nations as well as to our European allies and Japan. Once in office, Carter-Brzezinski inevitably discovered that relations with the Soviet Union must come first, since that is the way the world is organized: there are only two superstates. And so it has been with the foreign policy of the Carter as with all other postwar Administrations. This promised shift is also primarily of style.

It may also prove to include the sort of marginal pressure that can sometimes affect substance. Though rather clumsily executed, the return of the Crown of St. Stephen to Hungary and the visit of a President who has not visited Moscow to Poland (together with the lengthy meeting of his wife and Brzezinski with Cardinal Wyszynski) were active expressions of the Brzezinski concept. So, on another salient, was the Brussels pledge to NATO.

No Uncertain Voice

In his campaign and even in his early Notre Dame speech as President, Carter said that we have been paying too much attention to Communism. "Being confident of our own future, we are now free of that inordinate fear of Communism," he put it at Notre Dame, and he criticized Kissinger's grave warnings about Eurocommunism. In this case, too, the world as seen from the Oval Office differs considerably from the world of campaign rhetoric. I do not recall any official statement during the Kissinger years that was any firmer or more clear about our estimate of Communism than the official comment on the Italian situation issued by the State Department January 12:

". . . There has been no change in the Administration's attitude toward West European Communist parties, including that of Italy. . . . Administration leaders have repeatedly expressed our views on the issue of Communist participation in West European governments. Our position is clear: We do not favor such participation and would like to see Communist influence in any West European country reduced. . . . The United States and Italy share profound democratic values and interests, and we do not believe that the Communists share those values and interests." □

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A GREAT CASE, A SAD CASE

To understand the Bakke case it is best to go to an essay published almost one hundred years ago, William Graham Sumner's "The Forgotten Man," which tells how A and B collude to decide what C should do for X

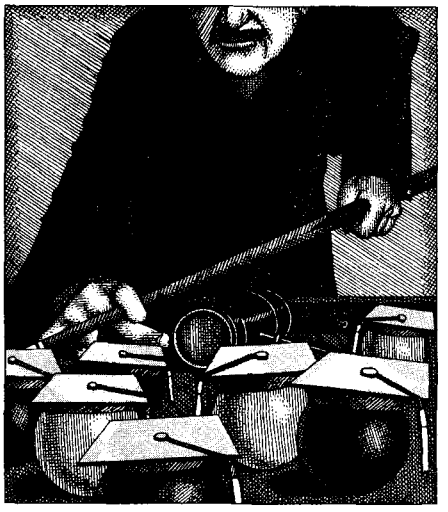
Some Different Thoughts about Bakke

WILLIAM F. HARVEY

SEVERAL OF our law students have asked me to give an analysis of the lawsuit which is the *Bakke* case, now that it has been argued in the Supreme Court. I choose, however, to give a different kind of analysis. There are three reasons: a) I have (along with two other persons) written a brief in *Bakke*, and it would be inappropriate, I feel, to discuss it in this setting, and at this time; b) the facts in *Bakke* are simple and clear and need no further comment here, except a quick reference or two; and c) it is much more important, in my judgment, to present to our law students some "other comments" on *Bakke*. In other words, I want to expose you to thoughts and statements about *Bakke* which, in the normal course of a three-year formal legal education, you will not likely encounter. There, too, is the philosophy which supports Mr. Bakke.

Bakke is a great case, regardless of what the Supreme Court of the United States does with it, because it is one of the very few (again, *very few*) cases in constitutional law in which powerful political and social and historical currents congeal at a central point, upon a thin but adequate factual base.

But *Bakke* is a sad case. It represents in the form of litigation an account given by Robert Nisbet of William Graham Sumner's "The Forgotten Man" (1883). There A and B got together to decide what C should do for X. C is Sumner's "man forgotten." The person who works hard, pays his bills, seeks to achieve, and regards himself and his family as important. Sumner came to understand that reformers A and B love X, and detest C. Sumner came to understand that A and B had



to establish a platform from which they could excoriate C, and then make legitimate their conduct by proclaiming love for X.

By now, all these years after "The Forgotten Man," we have learned much from man's most hideous century. We now know that ineluctably A and B will love X, destroy C, and then destroy X. The Solicitor General of the United States and the American Bar Association and the Association of American Law Schools and a gaggle of great private universities ("the best and the brightest") have said to the Supreme Court, in effect: Approve what A and B have decided to do. They say that, to a large extent, because .hey have become a part of A and B. *Bakke* is a sad case.

When the allure of power is presented, the past either is forgotten or becomes the prologue to the future. Prior to *Brown* v. *Board* (1954), racial classifications by government could be used to intern American citizens solely because of their racial ancestry, for racial classifications were then merely "suspect." That was *Korematsu* v. *U.S.* (1944). *Sweatt* v. *Painter* in 1950 overruled *Plessy* v. *Ferguson*, sub silentio. Until recently, most of us were of the opinion that *Brown* similarly overruled *Korematsu*, sub silentio, upon the suspect nature of racial classifications—see particularly *Bolling* v. *Sharpe* (1954). Some mistakes, however, like the social attitude which resulted in *Korematsu*, are too great and too fraught with implications to acknowledge publicly. But the trouble with unacknowledged bastards is that they often surface, with followers, to claim the throne.

The decisions in *Brown* and *Bolling* and *Sweatt* were three of the greatest of our time for just one reason: they struck from the hands of government, for a time anyway, the power to rend a society by racial manipulation and exploitation. Friedrich A. Hayek said it much better: "Our objection is against all attempts to impress upon society a deliberately chosen pattern of distribution, whether it be of an order of equality or of inequality." Again, he said: "The ideal of equality of the law is aimed at equally improving the chances of yet unknown people but incompatible with benefiting or harming known persons in a predictable manner."

Mr. Harvey is dean of the Indiana University School of Law. This article is adapted from an address he gave to the winter meeting of the Indiana Attorney General Conference for Indiana Prosecuting Attorneys.

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Another voice, from the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, said (in speaking of *Bakke*): "The only question presented by this case is whether the state university of California can utilize race as the determinative factor in the admission and exclusion of candidates for its medical school at Davis." And did it do that? It did. The University admitted that it did. It admitted that it barred from participation in its special-admissions program applicants who were not members of a minority. They were barred because of their race.

Again from B'nai B'rith: "Respondent Bakke was precluded from admission to the state medical school because he is white. Had Mr. Bakke been excluded because he was black, there could be no question of the invalidity of the state action. The Constitution and law which forbid exclusion of blacks solely because they are black do not permit exclusion of whites solely because they are white."

FROM THE LATE, great Alexander M. Bickel: "If the Constitution prohibits exclusion of blacks and other minorities on racial grounds, it cannot permit the exclusion of whites on similar grounds; for it must be the exclusion on racial grounds which offends the Constitution, and not the particular skin color of the person excluded."

From the American Jewish Committee: "There is a vital distinction, we submit, between remedial action to correct specific illegal acts of discrimination and a general rule allowing preferential treatment to seek to undo the effects of past discrimination by society at large. Corrections of conduct committed by an individual defaulter can be and [have] been restricted to situations in which the default is precisely delimited and clearly established. . . . It is quite different to give every state university, and all other official bodies as well, license to ignore the constitutional prohibition of racial discrimination whenever they allege it is necessary to do so to correct the effects of past societal discrimination. . . . As we have shown, in every instance where the use of race has been permitted for remedial purposes, whether it be in a school or voting district or in fact anywhere, the courts have consistently adhered to the requirement that there be a history of racial discrimination by the entity involved."

Another voice, Thomas Sowell—an outstanding economist who attended public school in Harlem and is now at Stanford University—says that admission policies limited to certain minorities "create the impression that the hard-won *achievements* of [minority] groups are *conferred* benefits. Especially in the case of blacks, this means *perpetuating* racism instead of allowing it to die a natural death."

Finally, Professor Bork, a former Solicitor General, tells you: "The issue is intensely political, and it's disturbing that the question should come to the Supreme Court without ever having been addressed by the elected officials of California. The Supreme Court is being asked to give full-dress constitutional review to a controversial social policy devised by, of all bodies, a *medical school faculty*. There is something profoundly wrong in this." Professor Bork recognizes some of the problem or "wrong" involved, and he says that to enshrine government preference for particular races in constitutional law might damage the Court, transform perceptions of what American society is about, and intensify explicit racial and ethnic demands for limited resources.

And so, law students, we come to the sovereign question, and a fact in the case: Was it necessary for the medical school faculty at Davis to do what they did? Did *their* experience show the need for and support for their program and conduct?

The medical school at Davis opened

in 1968, and its entering classes of 1968 and 1969 had one Chicano, two blacks, and 14 Asian-American students out of one hundred positions. Seventeen per cent, without "special admissions." In 1969, the medical school faculty adopted its resolution creating a special-admissions program; in 1971 the special-admissions program applied to 16 students, out of an entering class of one hundred. Those 16, unlike the 17 admitted before the special-admissions program, were admitted under a program of racial discrimination.

What then, law student, given those facts, is your answer to the sovereign question?

If you say, "Dean, medical school faculties are just crazy!" I cannot accept your answer, because of the implication it creates for other school faculties. If you say, "Dean, the whole thing means more, much more than those facts say—it should not have occurred, Bakke should have been admitted, and Davis *would* have admitted, without state-imposed racial discrimination, a substantial number of minority applicants. But what else does it mean?"

If you say to me those things, then you come nearer the mark.

I say to you in return, "Law student, remember what Professor Bork said: There is something profoundly wrong in this. And remember too, way back there, the interest of A and B, redefined to this date, after it was identified by Sumner in 1883."

IN A WAY, Bakke might gain something in the end—admission to medical school, after years of delay. But even so he has lost much; minority students will lose too, as Thomas Sowell so brilliantly proved; the University of California will lose, even if it wins. And so who might gain in all of this? I suggest that A and B might be the only groups to gain.

And who or what is A and B? In America today, it is the enormous federal–state bureaucracy, which will gain for itself the approval of the Supreme Court of the United States and, in effect, will exclude Mr. Bakke from medical school. It will give at most token support and enormous humiliation to minority persons.

And I conclude: "C (Bakke) may

(Continues on page 171)

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REFORM IN CONNECTICUT

Toward More Perfect Justice

EDWARD C. DOMAINGUE

THE CHANCES ARE excellent that Connecticut will become, this year, the first state in the nation to develop a sensible, effective justice system which guarantees punishment for convicted criminals. A major drive toward that objective was initiated during last year's legislative session; it will be high on the agenda now that the legislature has reconvened.

Under the proposed legislation, put together principally by Republican Representative Russell Lee Post, the discretion in sentencing that judges currently have would be replaced by mandatory minimum sentences and "presumptive" sentencing requirements, with the aim of ensuring that criminals are removed from the streets for a specified minimum number of months or years. Riding a groundswell of popular opinion, the reform package has received bipartisan support in the State Assembly. Even the opposition from liberals, who dominate Connecticut politics, has, for several reasons, mostly dissipated.

Liberals have long decried the inequities in the existing system, claiming that your chances of serving time are much greater if you are poor and black. Many of them now feel, however, that the new system, by curbing judicial discretion, would help remedy these inequities. Secondly, with the crime rate soaring in cities and suburbs alike, liberals are under increasing pressure from constituents to abandon their utopian schemes for rehabilitating criminals. These schemes have not, after decades of effort, produced anything resembling an effective model for rehabilitation; and the feeling is growing in Connecticut—as everywhere else in the nation today—that they never will. Finally, the proposed system of sentencing is not overly harsh; it seeks only to ensure that criminal behavior is punished fairly. Probation and parole—now common, particularly after first offenses—would be eliminated. But on the other hand the legislation does not exactly advocate that we should toss repeat offenders into jail for life and throw away the key.

Representative Post is a realist. He acknowledges that he would like to see still tougher sentences proposed but realizes that the reform bills' sentences will be a great improvement over the ones being handed down at present. His criminal justice package has the support of both State Senate Minority Leader Lewis Rome, a man who would very much like to succeed Democratic Governor Ella T. Grasso when her term expires next year, and Democratic House Speaker James J. Kennelly, who has referred to Post as "one of the brightest young legislators on either side of the aisle."

Mr. Domaingue is on the editorial staff of the New Haven Register.

The Hard-Core Crook

The reform package comprises seven or eight individual bills. The first, a Chronic Crook Act, is modeled after Louisiana's extremely effective Habitual Criminal Act, and is aimed at the career criminal. As Representative Post describes it, "It is designed to signal to those who are establishing a pattern of crime that Connecticut will not tolerate repeated criminal behavior. It is aimed at those repeat offenders who are responsible for so many of the crimes that are destroying Connecticut communities."

Under it, previous felony offenders would, upon a repeat conviction, be subject to a fixed-term sentence with no possibility of a suspended sentence. The legislation also contains escalator clauses for subsequent convictions. For instance, after conviction for a second felony, a criminal must be sentenced to no less than one-third the maximum prison sentence now provided by existing statute and no more than twice that maximum. Following a third conviction, the court must impose a term of no less than one-half the maximum; after a fourth conviction, the term can be no less than the statute maximum, and the judge could impose a life term. The legislation takes into account potential criticism by civil libertarians. It provides that the Chronic Crook Act shall not be effective in "cases where more than five years have elapsed since the expiration of the maximum sentence imposed by the court for a previous conviction or, if no sentence is imposed, five years from the date of the commission of the last felony."

New Orleans District Attorney Harry Connick has already shown how effective such legislation can be. Connick, under provisions of Louisiana's Habitual Criminal Act, created a Career Criminal Program. "There's a hard-core group of career criminals who are responsible for most serious crime," Connick explained, "and I believe we can get to them. If there was a way to rehabilitate them, I'd say, 'Fine, do it.' But I don't know of any, and until there is one that's effective, you've just got to separate those people from society. So, put them away and you solve your crime problem."

Conviction Rate: 94%

Connick's first step was to ask the New Orleans Police Department computer for the names of everyone with a record of five felony arrests or two felony convictions. The computer turned up 18,000 names, and the people attached to those names became the targets of the Career Criminal Program. Now, whenever an individual on the list is arrested, assistant DAs are dispatched immediately to the scene of the arrest—at any time of day or night, any day of the week—and the case preparation begins on the spot. Then, working closely with the courts, the prosecutors move to speed up the case by slashing red tape; upon conviction, the criminal is sentenced to maximum imprisonment.

The results speak for themselves: the average time from arrest to final disposition for those prosecuted under this program is sixty days. A total of

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637 cases were prosecuted in the first 12 months of the program, and 538 of those cases were completed. The conviction rate was an astounding 94 per cent, and the average sentence meted out was 14.6 years.

Connick's success has not gone unnoticed: Law Enforcement Assistance Administration grants have been made to Boston, New York, New Haven, and a score of other cities to establish similar pilot projects. Boston's project is proving as successful as New Orleans'.

In Connecticut, however, Representative Post's program is not limited to the career criminal. Other bills will impose presumptive sentencing requirements on other offenders, adult and juvenile; and the Assembly has already taken a step or two in that direction. First, during the last session, it enacted a measure mandating stiff penalties for those convicted of assaults on senior citizens. This bill, unfortunately, is more a statement of concern than a practical advance in jurisprudence. (While it establishes stiff penalties for assaults on, say, a sixty-year-old, it doesn't apply if the victim is only 59 years, 11 months, and 27 days old.) However, the Assembly also took a major step in the legislation it enacted concerning juveniles between 16 and 18 charged with felonies. In the past, escape from punishment was almost guaranteed by a request to receive Youthful Offender Status. Now, a judge may accept the Youthful Offender Status claim only rarely if a felony charge is involved. A rape committed by a 17-year-old is every bit as devastating to the victim as a rape committed by a 37-year-old, and the new law reflects that reality.

Other bills the Connecticut legislature will soon be considering—they are included in Representative Post's package for this session—include bills to double the minimum sentence imposed when a firearm is used in the commission of a crime, to provide for a capital construction program for adult and juvenile detention facilities, to treat drug sellers as chronic criminals, and to provide special consideration for drug users who identify and assist in the prosecution of sellers.

De-coddling of Criminals

Representative Post is not alone in the drive to toughen the state's criminal justice system. State Representative Thomas Sweeney is working to revise Connecticut's weak statutes dealing with the allegedly insane. These statutes, in practice, have served as a convenient cover for murderers, rapists, arsonists, and other felons who have managed to convince courts and psychiatrists that they were mentally disturbed at the time of the crime. Only too often they are released after as little as six months of confinement and commit new offenses within days or weeks.

Connecticut, like many other Northeastern and Midwestern states, has gained a richly deserved reputation for coddling criminals. And, as a direct result, it has been paying a steep price in unsafe streets and increasing fear among citizens of both cities and suburbs.

Sympathy for "the poor criminal"—the victim of society and his environment—is in noticeably short supply across the entire nation today, and Connecticut is no exception. The growing wealth of scientific data to support the contention that virtually no one can be said to have been forced into criminal activity by social factors has bolstered the rapid change in the thinking of the average citizen. And even the staunchest liberals' opposition to tough treatment of criminals has a curious way of crumbling as soon as crime affects them directly.

That is not to say that the fight in Connecticut will be easy. No state in the nation has even attempted to enact such extensive reform in criminal justice. However, public awareness of the problem is keener than at any other time in recent history, and the pressure on individual legislators on both sides of the aisle has never been greater. If there was any lingering doubt of their responsiveness, it was removed during last year's session, when the major reform provisions won majority support on all the test votes. Only the state's continuing fiscal crisis, which preoccupied the Assembly, prevented enactment last year.

This year, from the day the General Assembly reconvenes, Connecticut will be the place to watch. If the state's legislators succeed in enacting the proposed reforms, theirs will be an effort worth emulating. □

Faith, Hope, or Clarity

What jangled fantasies we weave
When, unenlightened, we believe:
That metric won't just further mix
The system it's supposed to fix;
That any workman, though he swore
He'd come at ten if not before,
Will be on time or finish fast
(He figures smart guys finish last);
That pledges office-seekers take
To save us money aren't fake
(Since, once elected, in two days
We know they'll vote themselves a raise);
That 7.99 is less
In cash than 8, as with finesse
Ad writers count on you to think
(And so you will. Why? Ask your shrink);
That pious people born again
Won't lie, at least not now and then
(In politics they must, you see,
To clinch their credibility);
That anyone can comprehend
Why books on Watergate don't end
(Except, of course, because they pay,
Though whom and why is *à penser*);
O ye of too much faith, how nice
To live in that fool's paradise;
But ah, poor things, what will you do
When Disneyland falls down on you?

CORINNA MARSH

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COLLECTIVISM AND SELF-DESTRUCTION

The Paradox of Jewish Liberalism

LEIGH D. LERNER

"THE SOLUTION TO increased taxes and inflation," explained a young lawyer–fund-raiser for a Jewish community appeal, "is the tax check-off. When the government begins to take the lion's share of incomes, we'll try to use the same type of check-off box as the political parties."

He is serious, this lawyer, and he is not alone. Gifts to Jewish philanthropies in 1977 came close to the record high, set in the year of the Yom Kippur War, but inflation has ravaged the value of those dollars. Since the difficulties of fund-raising increase annually, the tax check-off is considered a saving possibility. It would implant a European mode in the United States: the Kehilla system, in which Jews who wish to identify with their community pay a tax to the state; the monies then flow back to an officially recognized Jewish organization. The constitutional implications of the arrangement are awesome, but fund-raisers, nearly desperate, are ready to give it a try.

Strange it is that charities which were founded with surplus funds won in the free market should now be turning ever more toward the government —already to the tune of $50 million or so a year. But not so strange, for Jews and other ethnic aggregates counted themselves liberals for two generations, and, as the eminent Jewish historiographer Ellis Rivkin has told us, every revolution contains the seeds of its own destruction.

It was not precisely a revolution that made Jews sit on the left side of the Democratic Party; it was, however, the socialist, often revolutionary, thoughts of Middle and Eastern Europe, brought to America by some early twentieth century immigrants. Eventually the Depression, coupled with a Jewish affinity for Roosevelt, induced many more Jews to enter themselves on the roll of liberals in America, their names seemingly not inscribed with mere ink, but engraved forever in stone.

To these people, liberalism meant a two-pronged thrust: one part a holdover from the original understanding of "liberal," the other entering American life only in this century. The holdover style of liberalism subscribes to the concept of equal opportunity. Since Jews did not at first enjoy equal opportunity in America, the removal of quotas and social barriers in education and the professions had to be part of a Jewish agenda. Jews worked through their defense organizations and through liberals in the legislatures and courts to remove restrictions based on race, sex, religion, or national origin, so that the liberal ideal might prevail.

The second thrust of liberalism, the newer one, may be termed collectivism. In the Thirties, Jews as a group tended to belong to the lower middle class; the refrain, "We were all poor then," is one that Jews still invariably recite, forty years later, as they describe their ghettoized lives during the Depression. That experience of poverty moved them to support the redistribution of income and to cry out with the entire nation for a government able to avoid further economic catastrophe.

IN EACH CASE, government intervention helped obtain the goals desired—and therein lay the seeds of this quiet revolution's destruction; for while the equal protection of law is a benign factor tending to liberate citizens from both discrimination and government control, collectivism is not. Collectivist controls undermine the rule of law and make individual or communal disposition of wealth less and less possible; they are now reaching levels that threaten, rather than enhance, Jewish communal endeavor. Thus, paradoxically, the same liberalism that helped to bring about these controls is now suffering from them.

Friedrich August von Hayek, who left Nazi-controlled Austria to go to England, accurately foresaw the present impasse, foresaw the day when government controls and the planned economy would dry up the resources of private charities by reducing the living standard of private individuals. Hayek observed the strength of socialism in Germany; he recognized in National Socialism the ultimate statism, the system in which every minute spent by its citizens, every deutschemark spent by its government and industry, was planned. He suggested that the Nazi program took the logic of socialist state planning mechanisms to its most rational, yet horrifying, conclusion.

Hayek's analysis moves along these lines: Collectivists (those who desire state planning and concomitant intervention in national affairs) believe a nation's resources should be channeled toward achieving certain noble goals. To that end a planning board is created, possessing the power of enforcement. Because resources necessarily must come from the free market or the taxpayer's pocket, the market goes into disequilibrium and then attempts to adjust. Government actions make certain resources scarce—whether capital goods, money, or commodities—and prices rise. Efficient industries, which however may find themselves unable to outbid the government for material, fold. Inefficient industries, which normal market competition would shake down, may well produce goods necessary to the government's planned end. The government therefore props them up. As more disequilibrium occurs, additional economic difficulties arise, which ordinarily would result in recession and survival of the fittest. But governments today intervene, inflating the currency as a cure. And inflation heightens the disequilibrium.

A logical, perhaps even scientific, response based on cause and effect would opt for the end of extensive resource allocation, which would trigger a shakedown recession, followed by gradual economic recovery and a return to the

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open market. Instead, collectivists generally respond by instituting more planning. The syndrome repeats itself with spiraling rapidity, the standard of living drops, unrest filters through the populace, and the government must intervene. Gradually, tyranny prevails.

Whether we speak of a floor under incomes, full employment, the War on Poverty, or Affirmative Action, all such liberal programs require government intervention and planning. They often contradict the concept of equal protection, creating, as they do, "protected minorities" who are granted certain privileges that other citizens are not. That is not to belittle the merit of the programs' ends. Each program may have ethical goals; but the means necessary to achieve them can create a scenario like Hayek's. The Humphrey-Hawkins bill, which makes the first call for large-scale national planning, begins to indicate how large a component of contemporary liberalism collectivism is. Because Jews continue to call themselves liberals, they have a hand in the self-destructive move toward collectivism.

WHY SELF-DESTRUCTIVE? Since the Depression, dramatic changes have occurred in the Jewish community. It went from urban to suburban. A Clevelander once remarked that of the eighty thousand Jews in his city, only eighty lived within the city limits. Jewish employment trends have shifted away from union laborers to managers, professionals, and owners. Jobs, schools, housing, social clubs, and other fields have opened so wide that Affirmative Action actively excludes Jews, inducing Jewish ill-will—witness the case of Marco de Funis. Jews in America have, over the past forty years, transformed themselves from an underclass to a solid middle-class group.

In the process, American Jewry funded synagogues, old-age homes, vocational and family services, hospitals, schools, defense organizations, community centers—every imaginable community resource. It now sends hundreds of millions of dollars to Israel each year. But even as they give their surplus dollars in a free market where each charity competes for resources, American Jews continue to vote for the very liberals most likely to succeed in instituting national planning. What would happen to the Jewish community and to Israel were these monies suddenly expropriated for "larger" national goals selected by the planners? Should it be decided that the fiscal slack in, say, anti-poverty funding would best be taken up by the dollars currently donated to independent charities, taxes would climb accordingly, and the free market in American giving would wither. So simple a ploy as reducing the 10 per cent itemized deductibility of philanthropy could substantially affect the status of all American educational and charitable groups. Even if poverty were crushed in the process—a doubtful prospect—what would be the cost in liberty?

The problem with collectivism is not merely its tendency to destroy markets and to mire a nation in the downward spiral of lower living standards; the problem with collectivism has to do with liberty. When a government musters sufficient strength to control a market—and remember that one need not have 51 per cent of a market to control it—the government also has the ability to tell its citizens how they shall be employed, what they shall own, and how they shall live. Regardless of personal tastes, the government may determine what facets of an economy are most valuable, and allocate resources accordingly. In the absurd extreme, one who attempts to buy or produce an item unendorsed by the state plan could find himself an economic criminal, as in the Soviet Union.

If every move toward collectivism calls resources away from individual discretion, then every move toward collectivism diminishes the liberty of the Jewish community and all other ethnic, religious, or communal aggregates to support their chosen institutions. The Jewish predilection for liberalism, part of whose program has been a movement toward collectivism, contains the seeds which could destroy the financial base of the Jewish community, and thus the community itself as it is now freely constituted.

It is remarkable that Jews do not see this. They continue to vote according to the operational myth of Depression days, attempting to put into office legislators and executives whose proposed statutes carry the nation ever closer to the dreary prospect of national planning. But the country has changed and so has the Jewish community. The time has come for Jews to reject the myth.

THEY HAVE good reason to reject it. Of the two prongs in the liberal thrust, collectivism and the equal protection of law, only the latter actually opens up opportunities for minorities. Equal protection overcomes discrimination; it creates an economy where individuals, corporations, and community agencies deal predictably with the future in providing for the needs they feel, for it is, by definition, predictable. Collectivism, on the other hand, has failed. The selection of great national goals, including the avoidance of depression, has created inflation, along with unmanageable and ungovernable bureaus whose merest whims carry the same weight as considered legislation; despite redistribution of income, the number of America's poor remains stable or climbs. When we winnow the crop of liberalism in America, collectivism is clearly the chaff.

Already the reaction can be felt in parts of the Jewish community. Affirmative Action is out of favor. Business and professional people, up against the regulatory bureaus and the planners, find profits elusive and prices skyrocketing. Some prominent Jews have walked out of the Democratic camp. And these Jews are not reactionaries. They are liberals of the nineteenth century stripe, concerned with the rights of the individual and equal protection of law. They are now making the discovery that the entire Jewish community can—and should—make with them: a liberalism leading to collectivism is no liberalism. □

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RIGHT TO WORK

The New Mexico Lesson

WINTHROP QUIGLEY

THE NATIONAL and state right-to-work committees spent an estimated $50,000 last spring trying to make New Mexico the 21st state to pass a law banning labor contracts that require union membership as a condition of employment. The state AFL-CIO claims it spent less than $1,000 to fight the right-to-work bill—spent less than $1,000 during the actual three-month legislative session, that is. However, in 1976 it spent thousands of dollars and manhours to elect pro-labor state senators and representatives.

This is why New Mexico still doesn't have a right-to-work law. This is also why New Mexico came closer to getting one in the 1977 session than ever before.

The lesson of the costly and exhausting right-to-work struggle is that to defeat organized labor in New Mexico one need only be serious about it. Labor's much-vaunted clout seems to be slipping, nationally and locally, as right-to-work bills continue to pass, and common-situs picketing bills continue to lose, by increasing margins.

The National Right-to-Work Committee, based in Fairfax, Virginia, hired Patrick Pizzella, a New Yorker, to run the New Mexico Citizens for Right-to-Work Committee. Pizzella says five thousand New Mexicans have contributed to the national body over the past two years: "When Louisiana and Arkansas passed right-to-work laws last year letters started coming in to the Right-to-Work Committee from people in New Mexico, saying, 'Hey, how about helping the citizens out here? I've been sending you bucks for years.' "

Following some testing of the political waters, including a poll in which 71 per cent of the New Mexicans questioned favored a right-to-work law, the national committee began a sophisticated (for New Mexico) media and lobby campaign. Full-page newspaper ads began appearing with claims that right-to-work states have more jobs, more union membership, and higher per capita income than New Mexico. Television commercials featured man-on-the-street interviews pushing "freedom of choice."

About 41,000 of New Mexico's 431,000 workers belong to unions. The state has the second lowest per capita income in the country. Unemployment hovers between 7 and 8 per cent, sometimes higher. State and local bureaucracies are devoted exclusively to their usually unsuccessful attempts to seduce industry to New Mexico. With everything the state has going against it—its location, the size of its market, and its shortages of water, capital, and skilled labor—it must provide some extra incentive if it hopes to attract serious concentrations of industry.

According to right-to-work's sponsor, Senator Bob E. Wood, a Portales banker and a Democrat, right-to-work offers that incentive. Moreover, he says, the people want it. "They're wanting jobs. They're wanting things to happen. Anything that boosts the economy, people are ready for it to happen."

IN A STATE LONG dominated by various political machines, however, the AFL-CIO was an early and important influence in the right-to-work battle. In 1976, the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education contributed $5,000 to U.S. Senator Joseph M. Montoya's losing race. It endorsed 21 candidates for the state Senate and 43 for the state House; 16 won in the Senate, 31 in the House. With the endorsements came contributions averaging between $100 and $200 (a House race costs between $1,000 and $2,000, a Senate race between $1,500 and $15,000, depending on the opposition). More important, endorsement brings labor's mailing lists, telephone services, door-to-door canvassers, and poll watchers —an army of free campaign workers. Senator Eddie Barboa, from Albuquerque's working-class South Valley, says labor can deliver as much as 10 per cent of the vote he needs to win just through its endorsement.

Right-to-work got its first hearing in the Senate Public Affairs Committee, Eddie Barboa chairman. There, it was assumed, the bill would meekly die. "The right-to-workers are asking these guys to commit suicide," said an aide to Lieutenant Governor Bob Ferguson. "When they go they'll leave these guys holding a great big bag." Many legislators, he said, would love to vote for a right-to-work bill, but labor just wouldn't let them get away with it.

After a month's delay, the committee started hearings. Right-to-workers cited more jobs in right-to-work Texas, Nevada, and Arizona. Opponents said it would prostitute New Mexico labor, called it a right-to-starve bill. Barboa kept up a running commentary: "Wasn't it Hitler who said if you destroy the unions you destroy the country?" The hearings were leisurely. But Senator Wood counted noses and —which came as a shock to labor— got the bill voted onto the Senate floor, where it passed 21 to 19. Now worried, labor quickly got the bill onto the House floor without committee hearings, forced a vote when it had the horses, and beat it 36 to 31, far too close for comfort.

In a post-session daze, Neal Gonzalez, head of the state AFL-CIO, was unable to explain the near miss, except to say labor has fewer friends in the legislature than previously, and that people had changed their minds for perhaps sinister reasons.

Senator Wood, on the other hand, thinks the closeness of the vote means that New Mexico politicians finally understand labor is in the minority: that as more average people use their own heads, labor's clout goes down.

So right-to-work lost in New Mexico for traditional reasons: labor has been cultivating its friends for a long time, through contributions, through volunteer service, by delivering the vote. And right-to-work nearly passed because more legislators than ever are realizing labor's clout is a function of everyone else's indifference. □

Mr. Quigley is a reporter for the Albuquerque Journal.

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Illiterate Collegians

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

THERE IS NO college or university in this land, not even the best, at which professors are content with the degree of literacy or mathematical knowledge possessed by average students. Despite all the talk, these past several years, of "crash programs" to enable young people to read and write, and despite very large sums expended by federal and state governments to achieve that worthy end, all the indices show that functional literacy continues to decline.

My immediate concern, however, is not the improvement of reading and writing, but rather the question why institutions of higher learning admit "students" who don't know the meaning of the words even in simplistic textbooks. My amazement at this phenomenon is shared by many. There writes to me, for instance, a professor of physiology at Southern Illinois University: "To add insult to injury," he remarks, "there is a *demand* in some universities to offer all manner of remedial courses and then award credit toward a baccalaureate degree."

Remedial Curricula

Just so. Consider—this is one of the less extreme examples—the worries of the Center for Academic Development at the University of Missouri at St. Louis.

This Center's name is a euphemism for Remedial Curricula. It is concerned with more than plain English; the discipline of mathematics also is in grave trouble, and so are most fundamental studies. In fact, one thousand students require the Center's assistance in mathematics, as against five hundred or so in English—that is, reading and simple composition. Arnold B. Grobman, the university's chancellor, hopes that the necessity for the Center may diminish with the passing of the years: "But regretfully, I am not optimistic." The University's vice chancellor for academic affairs remarks that things are bad all over: "It is not uncommon for students in graduate school to have trouble writing research papers—not only here, but even at places like Harvard."

Now some *seniors* at the university are requesting that short courses in the writing of research papers be offered by the Center. The vice chancellor, defending the Center's establishment, says that he doesn't know why the university, along with other colleges and universities, has been finding more and more students, with every year that passes, who are deficient in basic disciplines. He does remark that today's social attitudes are "more relaxed."

One out of every two freshmen who entered the University of Missouri at St. Louis this autumn may find it necessary to enroll in remedial courses in mathematics or English. It needs to be remarked that 90 per cent of this university's students come from St. Louis and its environs, and that the urban difficulties of St. Louis are excelled only by those of Newark and Detroit. Yet at some state universities the percentage of undergraduates who take, or at least need, remedial work is higher still—Michigan State University, East Lansing, for one. And the City University of New York now is turning out masses of graduates who never would have won a high-school diploma, once upon a time.

To put the matter bluntly, the basic trouble seems to be as follows. Colleges and universities are matriculating practically any warm body which can be dragged or enticed to the campus—at least at the state institutions and those independent universities and colleges which find themselves short of both students and money. Enrollments have been falling in recent years everywhere except at the colleges and universities with very high prestige, at institutions situated in regions of growing population, and at some new community colleges. Therefore, to fill the dormitories, keep the staff more or less busy, and obtain appropriations from state legislators, benefactions from alumni, and tuition money, standards for admission have been abolished, almost, on many a campus. Some of the long-established church-related colleges have been among the worst offenders.

It is highly improbable that total collegiate enrollments in the United States ever should increase again. The birth rate continues to fall, the public has discovered that a college diploma no longer assures lucrative and easy employment for life, and parents and many young people have been disheartened by the disorder (outer and inner) of the typical campus. Most college presidents and trustees stupidly overbuilt dormitories and classroom buildings during the past two decades, in part because low-interest loans from the Federal Government were easily obtained. And the enrollment boom is over, forever. Despite grants, scholarships, and loans lavished upon young people from "minorities," it appears that few more blacks, Chicanos, and other such "culturally deprived" boys and girls can be attracted to fill the empty beds and classrooms; they know better.

Fleecing the Lambs

So universities and colleges take any chance comer who has contrived to get out of high school—and, if they have any academic standards left, find it necessary to flunk out many of these at the end of the freshman year. In effect, they take the money of the ignorant under false pretenses. And in the process, the administrators of our system of education allegedly higher tend to neglect the interest of such reasonably competent undergraduates as have expected to obtain some tolerable intellectual stimulation and discipline on the campus.

"The public, which is footing the bill, gave us a charge to do something about the problem [of unprepared undergraduates], and this is our response," says Mr. Arthur MacKinney, the above-quoted vice chancellor at St. Louis, in explaining the establishment of the Center for Academic Development. Yet does the public really desire to pay heavily for last-hour attempts to school the indolent or the incompetent? I doubt it. □

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Books Arts & Manners

From Princeton You Can See Forever

NORMAN HANNAH

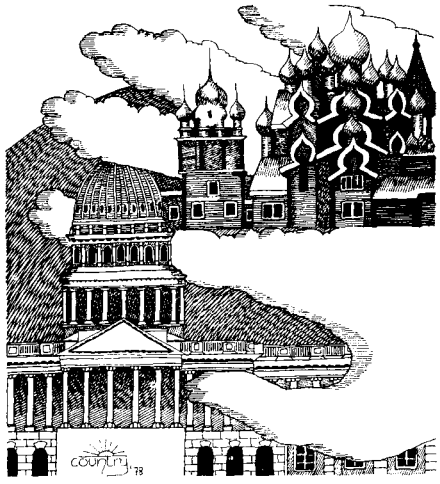
The Cloud of Danger: Current Realities of American Foreign Policy
By George F. Kennan
Atlantic–Little, Brown, 234 pp., $8.95

I remember listening to George Kennan once—in September 1947—when he talked to a class of new Foreign Service officers of which I was one. He was "Mr. X" to us, and of all the senior officials who talked to us none was more inspiring; for he had fashioned a pattern which not only illuminated the shocking events of the Soviet march westward (Hungary and Czechoslovakia were fresh in our minds) but showed a practical methodology for meeting them—strong but patient containment. It matters not that Mr. Kennan, many years later, explained that the resultant cold war was not what he meant. At the time he provided us with a rationale for practical sequential action.

He talked to us of the importance of scholarship in diplomacy and we were enthralled—although I doubt that any of us ever approached the level of *his* scholarship. There was a cool, magisterial detachment about his illumination of complex truths, which we were all thankful to have lighting the paths of our leaders.

Now, thirty years later, at the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, his detachment is complete—and he wants us, his fellow Americans, to share it with him. With grand magnanimity, he has descended once more from the Mount to give us light. Referring to his previous books, he notes that he had never "attempted to pull together these views and to distill out of them something resembling a grand design of American foreign policy. Increasingly . . . the effort to do this came to appear to me as a duty I should not evade, out of justice to my readers, who had a right to know how all these things fitted together . . ."

He then lays out the pattern of what might be called a foreign policy of "detachment": detachment from Panama (total), from Latin America, from Africa (including southern Africa), from the Middle East (except for a strictly limited commitment to Israel), from everything east of Iran, from the Philippines and Korea, from Greece and Turkey—in fact, from nearly everything except for a kind of generalized affinity with Japan and a close link, not to NATO, but to NATO's "North European core," leaving the Mediterranean countries and France in a kind of limbo. Having thus (in a hundred pages) withdrawn the circle of America's important interests to a little perimeter around Britain, Benelux, West Germany, part of Scandinavia, and Canada, plus a stake in Japan and Israel, he has greatly simplified the problem of dealing with the Soviet Union, "the central problem of American foreign policy—a problem which exceeds all the others in importance and complexity."



Why, after withdrawing U.S. interests until they are confined to an elite happy few in northwestern Europe (plus Japan and Israel)—why, after all this, the problem of the USSR should be one of such great complexity that it requires 75 pages to deal with it is a little hard to see. After all, if events in Cuba, Panama, Chile, southern Africa, the Asian sub-continent, Southeast Asia, the Philippines, and Korea are so unimportant, and even those in Greece and Turkey so relatively unimportant—what conflict then could arise between the U.S. and the USSR outside of central Europe?

Apparently, the complexity derives from our perverse tendency to misunderstand the truth about the USSR. The errors are made by people who expect too much from detente and by people

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Farley Clinton *is a freelance observer of the contemporary religious scene, especially that portion of it that is shaped by the Rockefellers. . . .* **John Greenway** *is, among other things, a professor of anthropology at the University of Colorado. . . .* **Norman Hannah**, *who has just retired from the Foreign Service, is now a Contributing Editor of* NR. *. . .* **Selden Rodman**—*poet, art critic, historian—is a student of black primitive art.*

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/ho never liked detente; by those who ssume that Russian arms "equivalence" nay be followed by "superiority"; by hose who don't realize that the USSR nakes far less use of the territory of Third World countries than "the similar ıse made by ourselves in several parts)f the world"; by those who "continue o pour arms into Iran," in the face of vhich, "no one can assume that the Soviet leaders will not someday feel heir security interests more closely engaged"; by those who think that the USSR has some expansive intentions beyond those involving the protection of the Russian heartland; by those who fail to see that the Russians, in maintaining their ideological leadership of a world Communist movement, are really only trying "to protect themselves by a vigorous show of orthodox Communist verbiage"; and so on.

Kennan writes magnificently. His sentences are precise, concise, clear, though sometimes almost arid in their detachment, matching his view of the proper detached role of the United States in the world. Perhaps the most interesting chapters are the first two, in which he discourses perceptively on some of the general problems we face in planning and executing a foreign policy: the role of Congress (unhelpful, but the necessary price of democracy); the "military-industrial complex" (too powerful and too expensive); American energy dependence ("one stands stupefied at the frivolity and irresponsibility" of our failure to deal with it); domestic problems of social and environmental decay. On the "North-South dialogue" he pricks the hollow inference that "the advanced industrial countries and outstandingly the United States are in some way at fault for the disparity between their degree of development and that of the countries of the Third World." He refreshingly points out that democracy is not exportable, nor should it be exported or used as a criterion of our relations with other countries. All government leaders could benefit (but they won't) from the lessons he teaches on the mistakes of excessive "summitry."

He is usually consistent. Downgrading the malignancy of Soviet intentions enables him to downgrade the importance of the rest of the world and to concentrate his attention on the bilateral Soviet–U.S. (and northwestern Europe) nexus. This is the world as seen from Princeton. Is it the real world —or only a view of the world through the lenses of nineteenth century diplomacy? In a very broad and long-range sense, Kennan is right—all these alarms and threats which trouble us today will pass, and in the grand scale of the spheres all will somehow be rationalized. But the problem is that we have to get from yesterday to tomorrow. How shall we do it? In Kennan's long-range scope, tomorrow will be the same as yesterday. True enough, but if we don't get through today, it may be a different tomorrow.

Where is "the cloud of danger" located? In the accumulation of arms by the U.S. and the USSR, particularly nuclear arms. But if the importance of the rest of the world is as small as Mr. Kennan believes, then there is little likelihood that either the USSR or the U.S. would ever risk warfare. Having detached ourselves so completely from the rest of the world, we can do it equally well across the board, including from the nuclear arms race. If Mr. Kennan is right about the relative importance of things, then the "cloud of danger" is no bigger than a man's hand. □

The Vast Majority: A Journey to the World's Poor
By Michael Harrington
Simon & Schuster, 281 pp., $9.95

BITING STICKS

JOHN GREENWAY

A couple of decades ago, when I first became associated with the *Sydney Bulletin*, the editors of that prestigious journal were in the throes of an agonizing reappraisal. One of its most indefatigable contributors, a poet, had just died. For a fair part of a century this man had submitted poetry to the *Bulletin*. None was ever published. Nevertheless, the editors who had not recognized the poet's existence in life succumbed to a compassionate urge to honor his non-existence. The issue was resolved by an obituary which eulogized him for having written hundreds of poems, all of a supernally consistent quality.

The Vast Majority is Michael Harrington's eighth book. All achieve a supernally consistent quality. Five years ago, when he wrote his jocose notions about *Socialism*, he had finished writing everything he knew about anything and begun writing everything he knew about nothing. Now he is just making a clattering noise. In this account of his "journey to the world's poor"—some two billion people by his body count —he demonstrates that his grasp of geopolitics is as firm as that of the folk-singing Appalachian hillbilly who explained to the song-collecting professor that his next ballad was about a son of the Virgin Queen Elizabeth named King Napoleon, who led an army of Kentuckians south by canoes across the Alps to capture a group of cities in Moscow called "The Bonny Bunch of Roses-O."

HARRINGTON returned from his Third (and Fourth) World tour with the revelation that we Americans, not satisfied with having invented the plagues of profit, poverty, oppression, capitalism, nationalism, colonialism, multinational capitalistic economic imperialism, slavery, well-poisoning, pollution, genocide, anthropology, and procrastination, devised out of our surfeit of innocent maliciousness such things as Tanzanian fanaticism, filariasis, schistosomiasis, prostitution in Tiajuana (sic), chewing gum for beggar children in Mexico City, and a socio-economic system "that makes children leprous in Bombay, furrows the foreheads of women in Kenya, and turns Indians in Guatemala into drunkards." And if we don't quit it in less than no time, our misbehavior "will be a crime against billions of men, women, and children, including millions of the halt, the blind, and the maimed." Shees. It's enough to furrow your forehead and make you fall to the ground and bite sticks.

Or you can take Harrington seriously, as his pelospodic hero John F. Kennedy did when he read *The Other America: Poverty in the United States* and established, following its precepts, an attitude toward welfare that may yet destroy this country. But it is no kindness to Harrington to look at him seriously. His curious admissions ("I want to write with a passionate objectivity"; "I am a contradictory, compromised, and somewhat baffled person"; "I want

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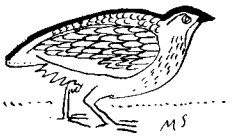
now to briefly face up to the tensions within me"); his hatred of America, embedded in his very soul; that pathologically melancholy face, unchanged across the years, except for the furrows deepening in his forehead; his graceless prose; the agenbite of inwit and acedia characteristic of apostate Catholics—all show him to be a Hofferian True Believer without a god, faith, or master, one whose commitment is only to fouling his own nation's nest.

He professes socialism, yet in this book he admits that philosophy cannot work without the prosperity only capitalism can supply, and that his wished-for abolition of capitalism would mean the destruction of his beloved Third World. Understanding at last that what small sweetness still lies in his bitter heart is directed to an abstract horde of the poverty-stricken (in his circumnavigation of the "global South" he repelled beggars and fled from the importunate), we must conclude that Harrington would be happy only if he could join the Little Sisters of the Poor. But then the wimple would furrow his forehead. □



THEOLOGY

Once to Every Man
By William Sloane Coffin Jr.
Atheneum, 344 pp., $12.95

ANGELISM

RICHARD BROOKHISER

It's amazing how quickly the Sixties died. About the only mark of their passage now left at Yale is a small swath of clear glass bisecting a stained-glass portrait of John C. Calhoun; when the Panthers came to New Haven to Free Bobby Seale, the pane showing Calhoun's slaves was removed. At such a distance, it is difficult to remember that people like William Sloane Coffin Jr.—Yale's chaplain when the windows were freed, if not Seale—even existed. I caught one of his last Yale appearances. The unholy scramble for professional school had already begun; Coffin was urging his audience to resist it, to be committed. One student demurred —What about musicians? Do they have to give up everything for commitment too? Coffin, who had played piano for Cortot and studied harmony with Stravinsky's teacher, replied, Not at all; musicians could write very moving protest songs.

Once to Every Man gives Coffin's account of that vanished decade, and of much else besides. Coffin's life so far has been a varied one. His family was Yankee upper crust; the chauffeur who took him to and from day school also coached him in his fights. Falling on harder times, the Coffins went first to California, then to Paris, where young William studied music and deceived tourists. "With a beret I could pass as French, and could speak English in the manner of Charles Boyer. Offering my services as a guide, I would collect large tips which were promptly translated into concert tickets."

For Coffin, the seeds of the Sixties were first planted in World War II. Coffin's fluency in Russian got him assigned as a translator to Operation Keelhaul, the Anglo-American program for the forced repatriation of anti-Stalinist Russians. By war's end, some three thousand "traitors" had been interned at Plattling, Germany. Coffin was sent to assist the unit in charge of handing them over to the Soviets. The prisoners, of course, knew nothing about it; and the night before the transfer, they invited Coffin to a party.

> I was met by the commandant and escorted to a chair in the front row. There were no empty seats. Hundreds of Russians stood against the wall, while other hundreds sat on the floor, filling every aisle. . . . For a while I thought I was going to be physically ill. Several times I turned to the commandant sitting next to me. It would have been so easy to tip him off. There was still time. The camp was minimally guarded. Once outside, the men could tear up their identity cards, get other clothes. It was doubtful that the Americans would try hard to round them up. Yet I couldn't bring myself to do it. . . .
>
> At 5:45 the next morning, the first division moved in as planned. Despite the fact that there were three GIs to every returning Russian, I saw several commit suicide. Two rammed their heads through windows, sawing their necks on the broken glass until they cut their jugular veins. Another took his leather bootstraps, tied a loop to the top of his triple-decker bunk, put his head through the noose, and did a back-flip over the edge which broke his neck. Others, less successful, were bandaged up and carried on stretchers to the boxcars.

Coffin could have spoken; he followed orders instead. As a result, three thousand men went to death or the Gulag. The memory of that episode, he says, fortified him later when he advised young men to refuse to fight in Vietnam.

It is ironic, of course, that flouting orders in 1967 had the same effect as following them in 1946. By yielding to the advice of its Coffins, America acquiesced in a carnage on the order of several hundred Operation Keelhauls. Nowhere in *Once to Every Man* does Coffin acknowledge this. Publishers' lead time might have something to do with it; the type may already have been set even as the first horror stories came trickling out. Yet surely the Communists had shown their colors long before the fall of Saigon. Students blinked it because their skins were at stake (the prospect of being drafted, Johnson might have remarked, concentrates the mind wonderfully); while a certain class of older activists—the Noam Chomskys—did not even need to blink, since the enslavement of (relatively) free men was exactly what they desired. Yet Coffin was neither young nor—as his description of the Plattling horror demonstrates—a rogue. How could he have made such a mistake?

THIS BOOK SUGGESTS two reasons. The first is that Coffin thinks nothing through. This is to deny him neither shrewdness ("In retrospect I can see that business, baseball, basketball, and football have integrated this country more than all the sermons ever preached") nor self-knowledge ("Sometimes I think guilt is the last stronghold of pride"); yet Coffin could not—would not—spend time enough with the dumb facts to work them out. Why did he come out against the war in the first place? In 1964 a music grad student gave him a folder of clippings on Vietnam. "I was shocked by the extent of Diem's tyranny." Nothing in the folder, apparently, about the extent of Ho's ruthlessness; though why should there have been, for wouldn't Pham Van

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST JANUARY TITLES: In *Defenses of the Imagination: Jewish Writers and the Modern Historical Crisis* (Jewish Publication Society, $8.50), Robert Alter—a critic whose work appears regularly in *Commentary*—discusses the anti-apocalyptic theme in contemporary Jewish fiction which gives the lie to the apocalyptic visions of the *goyische* literati. . . . Stephen E. Harris, an associate management analyst for the City of New York, argues in *The Death of Capital* (Pantheon, $8.95) that monopoly, resource scarcity, and the willingness of business to accept all it can get from the government spell the end of capital as a productive force in modern economics.

■ MORE FEBRUARY TITLES: Reports of Herbert Marcuse's death have been only slightly exaggerated. His new book, *The Aesthetic Dimension* (Beacon, $6.95), argues that art is more than an arm of the Marxian propaganda machine, that its real importance lies in its ability to transcend capitalistic realities. . . . Reynolds Price, the celebrated Southern novelist, has taken a vacation from fiction to write a book about religion—at least, about his relationship to the Old and New Testaments. It is called *A Palpable God* (Atheneum, $8.95). . . . In a book titled *Are We All Nazis?* (Lyle Stuart, $8.95), Hans Askenasy offers clinical evidence of man's willingness to torture other members of his species. . . . Denison Kitchel puts forward a respectable case—in his book *The Truth about the Panama Canal* (Arlington House, $8.95)—for the need for the United States to continue to control the Canal and to maintain a military presence in the Canal Zone. . . . There is an interesting biography of James Garfield available, by Margaret Leech and Harry J. Brown: *The Garfield Orbit* (Harper, $15). . . . Penelope Gilliatt, who alternates with Pauline Kael as *The New Yorker*'s film critic, is publishing a book of nine short stories entitled *Splendid Lives* (Coward McCann, $7.95). . . . The late Agatha Christie's husband, the archaeologist Sir Max Mallowan, has written *Mallowan's Memoirs* (Dodd, Mead, $10.95), which demonstrates that Sir Max is more than an artifact among the foundations of his wife's monumental career.

Dong personally assure him, in 1972, that after the North won "there must be no reprisals"? What, then, had the North Vietnamese representative in Paris, Mai Van Bo, meant when he told Coffin, way back in 1965, that "the issue will be settled on the battlefield"? Might not a reasonable man have considered the possibility, not that Mai was a zealot, but that Pham was a liar?

Once to Every Man crackles with such intellectual short circuits. On a Peace Corps junket to Guinea, Coffin suggested to a minor official that without some protection for minority rights, there was no guarantee that an economic democracy (sic)—"like Guinea or China" (sic)—would ever become a political one. Yes, said the Guinean, eagerly seizing the false premise and turning it back upon Coffin, "[but] there's also no guarantee that a political democracy like yours will ever become an economic one" (three sics and you're out).

The second source of Coffin's misjudgments, it seems, is a kind of emotional angelism. It was Maritain, I think, who first isolated and described "angelism"; I've never read his definition, but what the word has always suggested to me is the oafish behavior of the two angels in the twentieth chapter of the Gospel of John. Mary Magdalene is weeping at the empty tomb of Jesus, when the angels baldly ask, "Why are you weeping?" Assuming that they are not playing some sort of grotesque joke, one is forced to conclude that the angels are sincerely ignorant of what it means, as a human being, to have lost Christ—or to have needed Him in the first place.

Now Coffin certainly is not oafish; in the angels' place, he would have behaved far more sensitively. Yet his sensitivity to the emotions—of others, of himself—tempts him to sweep over the conditions, the limits of the human estate. Coffin cites, with approval, Bonhoeffer's observation that the greatest impediment to the German middle classes' rising against Hitler was their scruples; the common decencies do not make heroes. Yet surely it is just as true that the leeching of those scruples from German society was what had allowed Hitler to come to power in the first place. Human fallenness forces us, as political beings, to make the best of such things as America, even of Diem; the alternatives, as the last three years have shown, are forced marches and re-education camps.

Reviewing memoirs, one tends inevitably to speak as if the authors were dead. In Coffin's case, that is highly unlikely. After only 53 years, the former seminarian–turned CIA agent–turned chaplain–turned leftist has a long way ahead of him. *Once to Every Man* is a way station, a taking of stock. "Conrad," says Coffin, applying the quotation to himself, "summed it up in one word: romantic. 'Ah,' said the elderly Stein, 'that is very good—and very bad, too.' " □

Turning East
By Harvey Cox
Simon & Schuster, 192 pp., $8.95

THOSE INDIANS DON'T WANT US . . .

FARLEY CLINTON

One's first impression is that no human being could actually be as superficial as Harvey Cox appears.

This little book records his impressions of various trendy imitations of Oriental mysticism which are currently popular in the U.S.A., obviously because of the abdication, the apostasy, of many Christian ministers like Dr. Cox. He has a chair of theology at Harvard. His department is the least distinguished, the least dignified, in the university, and Cox's exposition of "religionless Christianity"—a trendy phrase lifted from Dietrich Bonhoeffer—has done much to create the unbreathable atmosphere that prevails there; for his slick eclecticism comes down to parroting Bonhoeffer, without any real sense of moral seriousness.

Cox also haunts—and, too often, preaches at—a little church near Harvard Square where the congregations are sparse. Even here he finds many who have difficulty accepting without reservation his outlook: his systematic refusal to commit himself to any recognizable religious ideas. By contrast, he observes, "within twenty blocks of the intersection of Massachusetts Avenue and Boylston Street, forty or fifty different neo-Oriental religious movements thrive." Thrive? *Thrive?* It is clear in any case that a hundred people in Boston have become excited,

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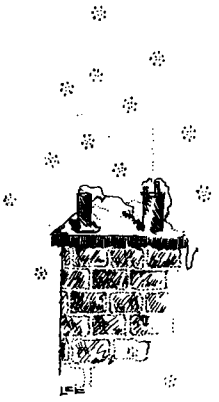
or at least curious, about Oriental spirituality for every one who has felt such emotions about Dr. Cox and his religionless Christianity.

Mohammed, therefore, set off for the mountain. And, though he remained strictly religionless, he did take notes as he rushed about the country, "meditating" with all sorts of odd initiates.

He made an uncomfortable journey to the Huichole desert country in Mexico to observe, and share, the traditional religious rituals that involve chewing peyote. ("My first thought, after trying unsuccessfully to brush the granulated dust particles from my tongue and lips with an even dustier handkerchief, was 'Those Indians really don't want us here, and they're right.' ") Here, however, through the wonders of modern technology, his friends introduced an amelioration into their experiment with mystical rites: "Roquet and his staff set up the portable hi-fi equipment through which the spirits of our gods and ancestors—Bach's B-Minor Mass, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Mozart's Requiem, Gregorian chants, and a record called *The Flutes of Israel*—would sing to us all that night."

What the peyote evoked was this: "Caterina . . . told us she was about to give birth to the whole universe. At the time nothing seemed more sensible to me. She lay back, drew up her knees, and with the rest of us attending grunted and moaned in travail until she had birthed all the spiral nebulae and the Milky Way. . . . I felt close to the animals: the snakes that live all the time on their bellies and see the whole world from this angle; the wolves and coyotes who fear the fire but creep close for warmth. I hissed, I crawled. I bared my teeth and stalked round the fire pit on all fours. I spat." As the morning star rose, he heard an old hymn, "Bright Morning Stars Are Rising," sung by a fifty-thousand-voice choir. He felt most keenly (what he already thought; "what I have nearly always believed") that the phrase "God is love" is "a factual statement about the character of the universe." This did not, however, represent any conversion to theism; as he understands the matter, "in the biblical saga, 'God' is that nameless energy which pulls isolated people out of loneliness and oppression into a new form of human solidarity," and he even wishes to present Christ as an opponent of traditional belief in God: "Jesus put an end to any notion of God as the great guru in the skies . . . or the omnipotent."

"A few weeks later I packed and left Mexico to go to the Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado." The attraction here was the venerable founder, a Tibetan Buddhist master "who wears a sports coat and loves to use words like 'terrific,' 'fantastic,' and 'bullshit.' "



The master seemed to inculcate the general transience and emptiness of all things by coming two hours late, more or less, to his own scheduled lectures; and the idleness thus enforced proved to be the great merit of this place. "The atmosphere between eight and ten resembled a . . . beach scene. People lounged on blankets, . . . read, chatted, . . . snoozed, and circulated to check on friends and to gossip."

Later on, when these idle hours were suppressed, he ceased to like it so much. He criticizes nothing; throughout the book he criticizes nothing at all, except traditional believers in Christianity, "fundamentalists," and "all the popes and preachers" of the Christian world, that long empty useless interval between the Apostles and Harvey Cox. But he is determined to understand, and to praise, Buddhists in sports coats.

His rambles took him next to a Catholic monastery, the first he had ever entered, a trendy one, where he felt qualified to pronounce that "a steel-string guitar, Zen-type cushions, and a melody reminiscent of Judy Collins had been added to an ancient ritual with no apparent incongruence." He says he thus acquired a deep understanding of what Benedictine monks had been doing "for a millennium and a half."

But of course he went home again to Harvard Square. Had he ever left it? It seems as good a place as any to look for Mozart records, and peyote, and sports coats, and breathless, slangy conversations about mysticism: a place, as Dr. Cox's work shows only too clearly where almost any form of mysticism will be lightly explored, in so far as religion is considered at all, before any form of scholarship is seriously undertaken. Without agreeing with his viewpoint, one may fully concur in his statement that "what we need . . . are the neglected and repressed histories of what happened to the Montanists and Cathari, to the Hussites and the Waldensians, to those who were branded as witches, heretics, and schismatics." Indeed we need them very much. But, though it has unrivaled facilities for those who might write them, we are not going to get these histories from Harvard Divinity School. Instead, they give an endowed chair to a man who is infatuated with the ultra-modern and the second-rate. □

SWELL LETTERS

American Hunger
By Richard Wright
Harper, 147 pp., $8.95

THE FREETHINKER

SELDEN RODMAN

The second part of Richard Wright's never-completed autobiography—apparently suppressed by joint consent of author and publisher in 1945 when the first part, *Black Boy*, was published—is disappointing only by comparison with that original masterpiece and in contemplation of what an account of the years in Parisian exile might have disclosed. Disappointing? Only superficially. *Black Boy* was a shocker, the first true account of what life in the pre-Martin Luther King Jr. South was really like, the first revelation of the traumatic effect of that experience on the soul of a sensitive adolescent. But another factor that contributed as much to its becoming an instant best-seller, an accepted classic in the tradition of American success stories, was its optimistic conclusion. For here was the victim of all those horrors escaping at last to the "enlightened" North where, the 1945 reader knew, his melodramatic first novel, *Native Son*, had later

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been published, to worldwide acclaim.

What would the effect have been had *Black Boy* ended not with Wright's courageous escape to (relative) freedom, but with his anticlimactic account of the first ten years in Chicago? Consider that *American Hunger* is the story of a double disillusionment. Wright was accepted in neither the white world nor the black world of the Depression-ridden metropolis. And in the Communist movement, with its promises of racial equality and economic salvation, he found himself the victim of a religious bigotry more hypocritical and stultifying than anything he had experienced in Mississippi, where fundamentalist Baptism had at least given his people a sense of folksy tradition and a mutual compassion in their oppression. No wonder his publishers prevailed on Wright to wait. Communist Russia was our ally in a European war whose outcome was still very much in doubt. And ten years later *American Hunger* would have been treated (Wright probably felt, and with good reason) as little more than a convenient tool in the cold war and the McCarthy offensive.

TODAY WE SHOULD be better prepared to accept and profit by the darker message of Wright's second search for meaning. The first great shock that came to him when he arrived in Chicago in the mid-Thirties was his discovery that the world of poor whites in the North was even more lacking in cultural and spiritual aspirations than the black world he had fled from in Mississippi. What was this "unreal city whose mythical houses were built of slabs of black coal wreathed in palls of grey smoke, houses whose foundations were sinking slowly into the dank prairie"? And who were these people with their tawdry dreams and instinct for avoiding passion and commitment? "All my life I had done nothing but feel and cultivate my feelings; all their lives they had done nothing but strive for petty goals, the trivial material prizes of American life." Perhaps it would be possible for the Negro to become reconciled to his plight "if he could be made to believe that his sufferings were for some remote, high, sacrificial end; but sharing the culture that condemns him, and seeing that a lust for trash is what blinds the nation to his claims, is what sets storms to rolling in his soul. . . . The most valued pleasure of the people I knew was a car, the most cherished experience a bottle of whisky, the most sought-after prize somebody else's wife."

No wonder Wright drifted into the Communist movement, where the color of his skin was welcomed as an asset, and where dedication to a noble ideal seemed to make brothers of the dispossessed, working day and night, without material rewards, for all mankind. For a few weeks or months Wright floated in and out of meetings on the wings of this euphoric dream. Then, as he began to use his eyes and ears again, he woke with a start. "An hour's listening disclosed the fanatical intolerance of minds sealed against new ideas, new facts, new feelings, new attitudes, new hints at ways to live. They denounced books they had never read, people they had never known, ideas they could never understand, and doctrines they could not pronounce. Communism, instead of making them leap forward with fire in their hearts . . . had frozen them at an even lower level of ignorance than had been theirs before they met Communism."

The climax of his disillusionment came with a Moscow-like trial of a Party "deviationist" who had intended to defend himself against false charges but who under the impact of hours of accusation broke into sobs and pled guilty. Wright, when about to be expelled himself, recognized at last that "they had never been able to conquer their fear of the individual way in which I acted and lived. . . . I had fled men who did not like the color of my skin, and now I was among men who did not like the tone of my thoughts."

From the start, the Communists distrusted Wright, recognizing in his integrity a threat to their conformism. A man who stood alone could have no place in a regimented society. A man who insisted on telling the truth as *he* saw it was a menace. And when Wright left the ranks without renouncing their ideals or even denouncing their devious methods, that enraged them most. How *dare* he not admit to being a "Trotskyist" or some kind of a tool or paid agent of capitalist reaction? Could he be *proud* of being an "intellectual"?

"The heritage of free thought—which no man could escape if he read at all—the spirit of the Protestant ethic which one suckled, figuratively, with one's mother's milk, that self-generating energy that made a man feel, whether he realized it or not, that he had to work and redeem himself through his own acts, all this was forbidden, taboo. . . . I found that to tell the truth is the hardest thing on earth, harder than fighting in a war, harder than taking part in a revolution." □

TELEVISION

UP FROM SHAKESPEARE

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Though far from a TV addict, I have generally had a favorite show or two that I could regularly enjoy with my family: *The Honeymooners* long ago, *All in the Family* and *Mary Tyler Moore* more recently. *Mary* was so incontestably good that even the vast-wasteland snobs have had to modify their position about the sterility of the medium. It showed the possibilities of the sit-com: even John Leonard of the *Times* confessed that when he thought about *MTM*, he didn't feel so depressed about being an American. (I only hope it transpires that the show was funded by the CIA.)

I don't know whether television has an essence of its own; perhaps I could find the answer in Marshall McLuhan, but his works unfortunately haven't been translated. Still, the striking thing about most TV criticism is that it hasn't accepted TV: it reserves most of its praise for works recycled from other media—serialized novels (preferably British), productions of classic plays, televised dance, PBS stuff. The ideal season would presumably be 37 weeks of Shakespeare, with summer reruns.

I hope I'm neither a snob nor a philistine. Be it known by these presents that I can rattle off long passages from *Coriolanus* and *Troilus and Cressida*; but they just aren't my idea of TV fare. For that matter, and for similar reasons, they usually turn out not to be my idea of theater fare. For a long time, in the true spirit of scholarly purism, I blamed actors and directors for

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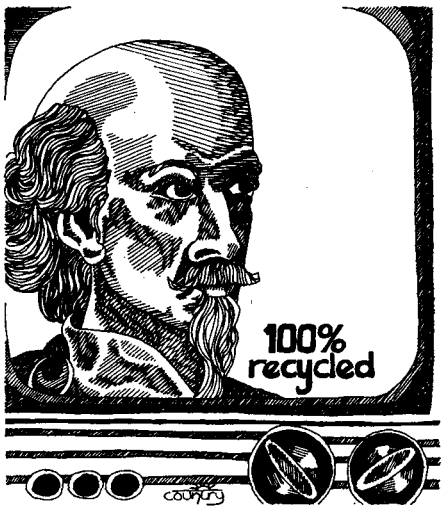
this: from the Restoration to Joseph Papp, theater folk have felt called on to adapt Shakespeare to the tastes of their contemporaries. I now see that I was wrong to do so: even the maligned Nahum Tate may have been excusable in giving *King Lear* a happy ending. We have no way of knowing he was quite wrong, because we weren't *there*.

The sit-com depends on a certain social situation, as do even the loftiest art forms. Art is public; and every art has its own public. No post-1642 audience can have Shakespeare fresh: he wrote for his contemporaries, for whom his language was idiomatic (even when difficult), his values urgent, his allusions topical. The vividness of drama is always to some extent a perishable good, whatever we may say about its immortality. Much of Shakespeare's genius must be recaptured in the study; it is simply not immediately available on a first reading, let alone to an ordinary modern theater audience. A contemporary entertainment by a lesser scriptwriter has to be content to be an ill-favored thing, but our own. The solidarity of the audience, in the theater or the living room, is the first condition of any lively art, including sit-coms. There is solitary genius, like Milton's, for "fit audience though few." But others, like Shakespeare, are ensemble performers who aren't embarrassed that their work grows out of a highly particular popular soil, whose living members enjoy the first and best harvest as no subsequent society can do. Even a good TV series can't have his eloquence, but it must have his shamelessness.

Something in our art-worshipping culture (a puritan residue?) makes us feel a little guilty about enjoying anything whose transcendence is not certified; hence the inflated praises we heap compulsively on Woody Allen and Mel Brooks, funny as they are. To enjoy television at all you have to be willing to appreciate modest virtues, even perhaps for *being* modest. You like a TV show as you like a dog. No matter that another generation may see nothing in it. You have to enjoy it *qua* you, not as a proxy for the ages. This kind of affection helped sustain *MTM*—as it boosts the *MTM* spinoffs that regenerate like the severed legs of a starfish.

I fell in love with Mary and her boss, Lou Grant, the time Mary, the quintessence of Nice, learned that she



was being paid less than her predecessor, a man. She mustered all her nerve and announced to "Mr. Grant" that she thought she was doing just as good a job as what's-his-name. "Better," replied Lou, without looking up from his scribbling. Well then, she cried triumphantly, why was she getting fifty dollars a month *less*? "Because you're a woman," he answered reasonably, not looking up. She expostulated tremulously; he went on scribbling. "Mr. Grant!" she said. "I'm *very* upset, and you're not even *listening* to me!" He dropped his pencil and looked up apologetically. "Oh," he said. "Well. I figured it was just one of those woman things."

I watched the first episode of *Lou Grant* with gladness in my heart at seeing Ed Asner again: Ed-Asner-as-Lou, that is (who wants to see him play Huey Long?). He arrived at his new job as city editor of a big newspaper apprehensive about his prospects: I was apprehensive too. Not that he could fail, any more than James Bond could die of syphilis. The worst he could do was fail to fit in. The show is not quite comic (no studio audience), and its setting, newspaper rather than newsroom, represents a step up in the world: the Press is what philosopher John Searle calls a Sacred Topic. No bumbling Ted Baxters here: only tough competing claims threatening the integrity of the newspaper's mission: cronyism, coverups, cowardice, advertisers, the imperiously obstinate woman publisher, and a self-righteous young Woodstein type. Take it from there, Lou.

Asner modulates nicely from wry humor to awkward reticence to the blunt indignation of a man who takes his own task seriously. Unhappily, the scriptwriters seem less than clear about the intuition that the duties of humanity sometimes override not only the interests of the press but even the claims of truth: the show will lose its chance for genuine drama if it succumbs to easy pieties about a free press *über alles*. But so far, pretty good.

Every episode is destined to end happily. Just as tough old Lou back in Mary's newsroom always turned out to have a heart of gold, so does Mrs. Pynchon, the paper's owner, regularly come out from under her bitchy exterior to see, admiringly, the virtue of Lou's stubbornness about printing the touchy story. The old reporters who are too buddy-buddy with their sources at the police station or on the sports beat —they too eventually are led to see that they are compromising Truth with their baser loyalties. It might get a little sanctimonious, except that Lou's sympathy for them acknowledges the legitimacy of their ties and fortifies them for the tough but necessary decision. And his humane sense of the complexity of the situation even softens the Woodstein element. Lou rebukes and reconciles: a city-desk Prospero, a comforting presence who makes watching TV a bit like sitting around the hearth. He makes me less depressed about being a *New York Times* reader. □

DELECTATIONS

FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

NIKA HAZELTON

Friends! Now is the time to enter the great 1978 NATIONAL REVIEW Contest. As in the past, show your wits, your mettle, and your courage. Your high-minded and incorruptible judges are Bill Buckley, Priscilla Buckley, Chilton Williamson Jr., and myself. Three prizes and one booby prize will amaze and delight the winners. *En avant!*

Competitors are asked to answer the following questions—fifty words or less per question. (Make it less if you

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can; the judges will take wordage into account.)

How do you tell right from wrong?
How would you decorate a tissue box?
Which is your favorite truth?
How would you describe the flavor of chocolate?
Do you prefer regret or remorse, and why?

Entries should be addressed to Contest Editor Williamson, and reach NATIONAL REVIEW no later than February 24, 1978.

MEANWHILE, as to more quotidian problems, let me offer my readers several humble, but I hope practical, solutions. They consist of three sentences which, in different contexts, I have found invaluable over the years. The first two came from a disillusioned VP at Bankers Trust, on whose shoulder I had wept over some *contretemps*, and the third from a Belgian gentleman who's seen a lot of grief in his life.

As anybody who has ever dealt with grievous matters knows, the executives of this brave new world are cowards, being inaccessible behind the backs (or, in modern times, the telephone voices) of their underlings. The underlings are in no position to settle anything, and their job is to diffuse your efforts by being balky, at best, or being downright nasty, usually. My Bankers Trust VP, who knew something about litigation, advised me always in such circumstances to utter these words:

"Are you qualified (or authorized by your company) to talk about (or discuss) a matter that might (and will) lead to litigation?"

They get results, I assure you; you will immediately be put in touch with the party who makes the decisions.

When you deal with matters that involve receipts for money, the underlings are inevitably nasty. I fought with the underlings at Blue Cross until, again, my banker friend gave me the magic words that very quickly settled the dispute by referral to the proper authority, after weeks of bother:

"Do you recognize this as a receipt which might (and will) be used as *prima facie* evidence in court?"

So much for scaring the mules in our lives. Number three is a sentence that I chant to myself a great deal of the time, with the same soothing effects as a Hindu mantra:

"Tout s'arrange, parfois fort mal."

Other practical advice, not new but worth being reminded of:

Gossip: Don't stop it. It's about the only way you'll find out what others think of you. . . . When asked to comment on somebody's artwork, reply: You know so much more about art than I do; thank you for letting me share. . . . To someone rude: Don't you find your manners a handicap in your work/social life? . . . If your spouse at a party makes a fool of him/herself over an important guest, feel ill suddenly—your partner will have to take you home. . . . As for impressing your social betters—don't try, they won't believe it anyway. . . . And, to finish this revelation of my true low self, how to deal with a horrid taxi-driver: get out of the right side of the cab and leave the door open. □

The GIMLET EYE

THE LUNCH GIRLS

D. KEITH MANO

Somebody who should've known better said this one was headed for New York, sure as a Minnesota prostitute. After all, the Long Wharf Theatre in New Haven has been the Triple-A farm club for, oh, *Streamers*, *The Gin Game*, *The Shadow Box*, *The Changing Room*: quick company of that sort. Nuts: any inside information I get arrives red hot from a vacant Jones Beach bath locker. Just another slug in the old turnstile. Worse, my car radiator came down with diverticulitis of its colon near Stamford: antifreeze burnt to briquettes: more steam than the back end of a dry-cleaning outlet. This will not affect my critical judgment: much. *Lunch Girls*, I suspect, went up to the big league for a cup of coffee and so long.

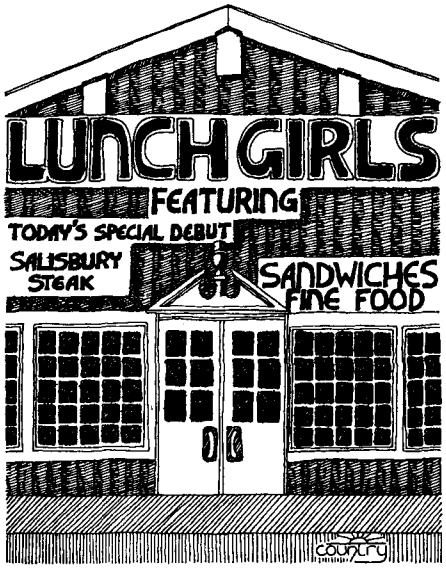
Yet it seemed failure-immune. All the bruise-blue needle marks of popular *éclat* were there.

a) Modest (around 32B) topless nudity. (Except for Pamela Payton-Wright who—talk about padding your part—was inexplicably five or six months pregnant: maybe the production mounted her.)

b) Occupational interest. Since 1970 or so theater (and cinema) has tended to sound like a "jobs available" brochure from the New York State Employment Office. It fascinates us, how other people work: cabbie, trucker, policeman, ballerina, hairdresser, Indian chief. Presumably, *Lunch Girls* would give you a gimlet stare at day-shift key-club bunny/waitresses, who, according to playwright Leigh Curran, are "bigger, stronger, and not so glamorous as night girls." I've got this three-page treatment called *Concrete*. Subtitle: "Their passions, their secret hope and wild surmise—the hard men who make cement for America."

c) Your *People* magazine angle. Curran, an ex-lunch-girl, acts (quite well) in her own ersatz-autobiographical play. Built like Sylvester Stallone and shot up with his dogged expectations. Moreover, there has always been something sub-sexual, suggestive—1940s Bogart-Bacall-film romantic—about the waitress-customer relationship. Your tip is for service, smiles: distant cousin to the $20 bill left on a bordello night table. Restaurants are off-off-Broadway showcase theater. Black, no sugar, y'wanna be in films, kid?

But the whole spiel runs like Dewey. No way you can discover realism in 1977. Structure and intent are retread Eugene O'Neill: *The Iceman Already Left*. And a cashable opportunity went by here, thumb out: language in restaurants has had its own exciting and very



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idiosyncratic development: "Draw one." (Gimme a Coke.) "86." (I'm out of it.) "Biddy on a raft." (Poached egg on toast.) *Lunch Girls* had strong absurdist potential: Beckett or Arrabal or even Albee might have charged the event with resonances, verbal or symbolic, beyond one-day-in-a-waitress'-life. Curran and director Arvin Brown have made silly, not absurd, stage choices. For example: Act II takes place in the key-club kitchen: I mean *takes place*: a whopping, overexact kitchen, it must've eaten up one full Mellon Foundation Grant: Brown could sell his set to some Arby's Roast Beef franchise. Each meal is short-ordered, pea by pea, right before your palate: tough on the cast, getting upstaged by an ingenue Salisbury steak.

YET, DESPITE NUDITY, despite realism, the play is touchless. Might have been blocked by a quarantine officer: more physical contact on the floor of Congress. Probably because Curran's dramatis personae are type-written. Big sister type (P. P.-W.); *Guys and Dolls* Adelaide type; peasant shirt guru type; evil bitch Morticia type; new girl type; innocent, cheerful type; street-tough-but-heart-like-warm-Camembert type. As my mother would say and did, "Some people are so empty you can't even anthropomorphize them." With seven women and that many rush orders, it is hard to get character information deeper than cleat marks on Astroturf: each will receive the equivalent of a single *Who's Who* entry. Some fault lay with (or on) Payton-Wright: she had all the energy of a solar cell in Mammoth Cave. Ultimately, though, Curran will have to pick up her own check. Take the three men (cook, subcook, and busboy). They appear during Act II and are absolutely irrelevant to her plot, which, for that matter, isn't much more relevant to itself.

In fact, there isn't one relationship, one theme (food preparation aside) that I could care pocket-lint about. And, to let Leigh Curran off for now, this might well serve as an indictment of the age. Where is our subject matter, dammit? Religion, morality, home, honorable government: gone: we don't have themes, we have current events. If an unwed woman got pregnant in Chekhov, it jeopardized the whole frail tissue of society. It *meant*. There is so-what man-stealing in *Lunch Girls*. Also an unseen Mafia honcho named, I swear, The Silver Bullet. And, of course, everyone has that old Clifford Odets itch for something better: a farm, a rich husband, a good lay. ("We're all the same, we all want out.")

Curran doesn't write badly when it comes to circumstantial business, but her dramatic confrontations have less poignance and power than a Xeroxed billet-doux. In Act III, the unmagnificent seven make up: it's as ritualized as hand-shaking after a Stanley Cup game. "I like you." "I like you." "I'm glad I know you." "Maybe we're all something special." And maybe not. At one point a character says to garrulous Kate (Curran), "You never stop, do you?" Kate/Curran replies, "What for? Nothing's happening." She ought to know.

Every hack gets it. Me, I get it about once a week. Some sincere gawk will come along and say, "Gee, you write. My life would make a great book, if only I could put it down on paper. Maybe we can get together, huh?" Truth is that truth, even verisimilitude, is not art. I duck anyone who tells me about real experience. Real experience is too small. I know, I've had it; just like you. I prefer big liars: Shakespeare, say. Yes, we are all special—in God's eyes. But it's more convenient for God. He's in New Haven already. He doesn't have to drive there. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE LATIN AMERICANS: *Their Love-Hate Relationship with the United States, by Carlos Rangel (Harcourt Brace, 302 pp., $11.95).* The Western Hemisphere's biggest cop-out is the Latin Americans' contention that they remain poor, badly educated, and ill-governed because the wicked North Americans want it that way. Or, more recently, because the wicked North American *capitalists* want it that way; for, since Fidel Castro was permitted to survive and become the vassal of the USSR, Marxism has become the new opium of the intellectuals. All of this has been pointed out before—by this reviewer, among others—but never before by a Latin American. As a Venezuelan diplomat educated in the United States, Carlos Rangel saw the best (and worst) of both worlds; but unlike others who had a similar background, he came out of it with his eyes open and the courage to speak clearly. First there was the myth of the noble savage; then the myth that the Latins had a "superior culture" which would prevail (no one explained how) over North American "materialism." The heroes of the Independence, Miranda and Bolívar, saw through this myth, but their insights were hastily buried under mountains of rhetoric and commemorative sculpture. Rangel is especially good at exposing the myths of the Puerto Rican *independentistas*—spun within a protective cocoon of North American affluence and good government—and of uniquely democratic Chile, undone because one naïve Marxist thought nine million lambs would acquiesce in their own slaughter. Should this book ever be distributed, and digested, from Mexico to Argentina, Latin America might solve its own problems and surprise the world. But probably that is too much to hope. SELDEN RODMAN

THE COTTON CLUB, *by Jim Haskins (Random House, 170 pp., $15; paper, $7.95).* When mobster Owney Madden opened the Cotton Club in 1923, he could hardly have guessed that his flashy speakeasy would ride the crest of the Harlem Renaissance. But he did know how to lure the swells from downtown (Negro customers were not encouraged). He and his hardbitten aides hired good bands and, thanks to nightly radio wires, made them famous: Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, Jimmie Lunceford. To keep out the riffraff, they imposed a $2.50 cover charge (more than the swankest hotels dared ask). They served good food, and built in a comfortable profit. Steak sandwiches cost an outrageous $1.25. And there was just enough integration to make the public feel adventurous, yet protected. "It isn't necessary to mix with colored people if you don't feel like it," wrote Jimmy Durante in 1931. "You have your own party and keep to yourself. But it's worth seeing. How they step!" The author even serves up a *soupçon* of sociology. When Negroes began moving uptown in the decade before World War I. "Harlem was a 'decent neighborhood,'" notes Haskins, "and for many of the new black residents it was the first time they had ever been able to live in one" (at a time when immigrants from Eastern Europe and Italy were crowding into the slums on the Lower East Side). The photographs—generous, though the reproduction is erratic—bear him out: solid, handsome apartments, squeaky-clean streets, even a 1917 protest where the marchers all look like elders on their way to Sunday services. Too bad this flavorsome look at the Jazz Age and the Swing Era must be haunted by the thought of what might have been. And too bad for the sloppy editing. Ellington never had a trumpet player named Freddie Gay (he had one named Freddy Jenkins, and a guitarist named Freddy Guy); Whiteman's arranger, and a famous composer to boot, was Ferde, not Fred Grofé; etc. (None of these facts is arcane.) NEIL MCCAFFREY

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

AMID HER SEVERAL careers as housewife, mother, media personality, political leader, and constant nemesis of women's lib, Phyllis Schlafly somehow finds time to write arresting books.

Her latest is *The Power of the Positive Woman* (Arlington House, $8.95), a comprehensive, cogent answer to the Steinem-Abzug liberationists. As the title suggests, the book is a clarion statement in behalf of traditional womanhood, stressing the creative, civilizing role of women, the centrality of home and family, and the profound distinctions between the male and female psyches which the radical feminists would deny.

Mrs. Schlafly attacks head-on the radical view that traditional female roles as helpmeet, mother, and homemaker are demeaning to women or the result of masculine conniving. Her reprise of the Equal Rights Amendment, as one might expect, is annihilating and, to this reader, conclusive. She provides detailed responses to all the arguments for ERA and demonstrates that it would subvert the family unit as Western society has understood it.

Complementing Mrs. Schlafly's book is another offering from Arlington House, *The Assault on the Sexes* ($9.95). This is a fast-moving, personalized account of the women's-lib phenomenon by freelance writers Jim and Andrea Fordham, who started out as naïve supporters of ERA but discovered as they delved into the matter that all the terrible things suggested by Mrs. Schlafly were true: it would remove existing legal protection for women, subject them to the draft and combat duty, put an end to father-son school banquets, and all too possibly lead the way to that supposedly mythical bugaboo—the unisex toilet.

Unisex, indeed, is what it is all about. The Fordhams contend the motive force behind the women's-lib crusade—and a great deal else besides—is a fanatic impulse that seeks to abolish all distinctions in society, regardless of the consequences. The effort to deny the real and obvious differences between the sexes in terms of physical strength, emotional makeup, and professional aptitude, they argue, is the ultimate version of the modern rage for leveling. This is an informative, deadly serious book, though written up in entertaining fashion.

On first appraisal, the connection between radical libbers who can't stand men and sodomites who don't like women would seem remote. But the linkage, on reflection, is apparent: both groups are hostile to traditional Western values, opposed to procreative sexual union, and clamorous in their demands that straight society revamp its mores to suit their doleful ethic of negation. If one assumes an irreconcilable war between the sexes, indeed, then homosexuality would seem to be the obvious outcome.

THESE LINKAGES emerge quite clearly from Anita Bryant's account of her showdown with the homosexuals of Dade County, Florida. *The Anita Bryant Story* (Fleming H. Revell, Old Tappan, N.J. 07675; $6.95) is a narrative of the author's dawning awareness of the homosexual problem, her opposition to "gay lib" that derives from her religious faith, and her reluctant entry into the political arena (which resulted in a resounding victory of better than 2 to 1 for Miss Bryant and her allies).

Miss Bryant's frequent arguments from Scripture confirm the view that she is deeply religious but refute the libel that she is any sort of bigot. Her concern in the Miami squabble was not to persecute the "gays" for deviant conduct, but to forestall their effort to legitimize their deviance as an "alternative lifestyle" (including the alleged right to teach young people in private and religious schools). She has paid a heavy price in terms of ridicule and professional ostracism but, as this little book makes plain, has no regrets. Would that we had a hundred others like her. □

Eric Voegelin's Search for Order in History

EDITED BY STEPHEN A. McKNIGHT

Found within these eight essays are an assessment of Voegelin's "new science" and an evaluation of his criticism of positivistic social science. Contributors include Bernhard Anderson, Hans Aufricht, James L. Wiser, John Hallowell, William C. Havard, John William Corrington.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

EDWIN NEWMAN:

Strictly Speaking

There undoubtedly are politicians who, nine months old and about to move from breast to bottle, thanked their mothers for making the determination that they should be weaned and for nourishment that had been comprehensive, measured, and timely.

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not be saved, and if not, X (a member of any other race) will next be attacked: A and B *must* attack him to justify their existence. So to understand *Bakke*, read Kafka and Hoffer."

But you say, law student, "And you, Dean, where do you come out in all of this?"

My response is, "I was one of three persons in America (at least I know of no others) who are law professors and were invited to write and support Mr. Bakke. I was greatly honored in that. I wrote for Mr. Bakke because I wrote for C, and, if he goes down and if asked, I then will write for and support X, the next one A and B will attack, which A and B must do."

"And if that case is lost, then what?"

I say, "Law student, you ask me too many questions; but I shall give you my range of thought about it, and my method of approach."

It requires, first, reading Learned Hand's *The Spirit of Liberty* (1952); and then, in addition to Hayek, you must think about Oliver Cromwell's often-quoted statement in his *Letter to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland*, August 3, 1650: "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken." Remember that that is the best-remembered saying of the only "dictator" in British history, and it is used today to enter a plea against blind state power which conceives itself to be doing "good."

But then, perhaps, you rage at me, saying, "That is not enough! Dean, you cannot cite Hand who was trained by the nineteenth century, even if his training was better than today's, or Cromwell from the seventeenth century, and expect to stop A and B in the twentieth century with those pleas. Have you not read the greatest writer of this century?"

And who, law student, is that? "Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, that's who! Read him, Dean, and you will know that his transcendent plea did not and will not stop A and B. Not there, and not here."

My answer is: "I have read, avidly read, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and you are correct: he is the greatest writer of this century and, in my judgment, the greatest person of this century, and I know that A and B were not stopped by him, or by his plea. And I admit that A and B will not be stopped even if Mr. Bakke wins in the Supreme Court. I admit that."

So you then say to me, "You admit that A and B will not be stopped even if you win in *Bakke*; then why do it? Why should we as lawyers or law students do it? If the medical faculty at Davis was crazy, although you won't accept that word, are *we* not, also, for attempting to reform A and B?"

To that question, law student, I give you my last answer: "I do not want our society to lose what we gained in the decision in *Brown*; but even if that is lost—and I believe it is largely lost now—even so, even if those lights all blink out for us, first review the life of Carl Schmitt and some others in Germany, and then join me in saying to such organizations and offices as the American Bar Association, or the Association of American Law Schools, or the Solicitor General: 'Where in hell were you, when you could have helped and truly amounted to something?' Meanwhile, you participated in a great case, and for what other reason did you enroll in this great law school?" □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Jimmy Carter's Rhetoric

New York, Jan. 10—President Carter is back, and he is welcome home. The exegetes will be busy in the weeks and months ahead interpreting the impact of his visit on international affairs. This particular post-mortem is into a galloping disease among U.S. Presidents, which one might call Undiscriminating Enthusiasm for Other Nations' Policies.

It seems more than twenty years ago that Nikita Khrushchev came for the first time to the United States. President Eisenhower was deeply concerned over how exactly to greet him. A wide consensus held it preferable that Summit meetings should take place in antiseptic international watering places like Geneva, where indeed the first postwar Summit conference had taken place. When Khrushchev finally did arrive, he was greeted at the White House by an unsmiling President. They walked into the building together and were hardly seen after that. The amenities for Khrushchev were given over to Henry Cabot Lodge, our ambassador to the United Nations, who took the old tyrant around America, showing him tall corn, Hollywood cancans, indeed most things American except Disneyland, which was vetoed by the Secret Service as unsafe. Khrushchev returned home and it was generally understood that the necessary diplomatic business between the two superpowers had been attended to.

SUCH ALOOFNESS would nowadays bring on a third world war. Consider President Carter. He went to Poland and declared there that the principles and ambitions of the Communist leader of that state are identical to our own. A few days later he was in Iran where he expressed himself similarly, saying that we shared exactly the same ideals as the Shah of Iran. A few days after that he said much the same thing about François Mitterrand, the French Socialist leader who had joined with the Communists in a common political front. And on arriving home he said the Russians want peace every bit as much as we do.

As to this last, there is no doubt that plain Russians want peace as much as plain Americans, but neither is there any doubt that President Carter has not met any plain Russians. He has met those Russians who are directly investing double what the United States is investing (in terms of per capita income) in a war machine the only conceivable motivation of which is aggressive.

The Shah of Iran is an absolute dictator who brooks no political opposition and only highly limited freedom of the press. It is true that he has been a valuable ally, but this is not what President Carter said. He did not say: "The Emperor of Iran has adopted policies in international affairs which unite with our own in providing a shield against Soviet expansionism." One reason he didn't is because to have said that would have been rather awkward. Because why do we need a shield against Soviet expansionism? Soviet expansionism took over in Poland and, what do you know? there in Poland we have people whose ideals are identical to our own. And as for Western Europe, although in private President Carter warned Mitterrand about the dangers of unity with the French Communist Party, publicly Carter declared himself in sympathy with the policies of a leader who has evolved toward a kind of fundamentalist Socialism which, wherever exercised, has brought poverty and human distress.

It goes back, of course, to the wild excesses of Richard Nixon in China in 1972, where he discovered virtues in the regime of Mao Tse-tung that led him to praise all things Chinese, and to express on his return to America an unbounded admiration for the work of Mao, and for the popularity of the leaders of China with the people. Most of those leaders are now dead, executed, or in jail: never mind. The diplomatic imperative is to recognize in every foreign leader a unity of purpose with your own. One wonders what President Carter would say on visiting General Amin? No doubt that they share the same interest in ending racial discrimination.

The history of diplomacy records a consistent use of hyperbole both active and passive. Actively, the visitor praises the host, likening him to the jewels of Arabia and the scents of Persia. Passively, one disparages one's own humble accomplishments ("My miserable superstition is Buddhism, what is your religion?" the Japanese delegate addressed the Baptist at an international religious conference in Tokyo). But these stylized approaches are inconsistent with the normative vocabulary of right and wrong that President Carter has sought to stimulate: the idea of Wilsonianism is not entirely dead: we do seek to distinguish between the ways and the habits of barbarians and ideologues, and those of free men; and the subversive rhetorical habits of President Carter do not help. □

WHY CAN'T I PLAY?

San Francisco, Jan. 12—They keep asking about 1980. This is in part because presidential politics is the great national sport, in part because there is a vulnerability to Jimmy Carter that a lot of the professionals are sniffing. There are obvious things to say on the matter, primarily that no one has any right to pretend to know what will be the perception of Jimmy Carter in 1980; and a few less obvious things to say, which are my specialty, as for instance to wit:

1. Jerry Brown of California covets the position a little too anxiously. It is consistent with the American tradition of forthright ambition to wish very much to be President of the United States. It is, so to speak, "in character." Nelson Rockefeller ran for President of the United States with the most single-minded determination, and nobody much cared. Nobody even minded when Nelson Rockefeller was saying that he was *not* running for President of the United States. Ditto Richard Nixon. Everyone knew the White House was what he wanted, and on the few occasions when he was coy on the subject, his public merely shrugged its shoulders as if to say, "What do you expect?"

Jerry Brown, however, has different problems. He is not a focus of national attention because he was cast in the mold of a Rockefeller, a Nixon, or for that matter an FDR. He is supposed to be *different*. Something of a mystic. Something of a blithe spirit who floats above the gristle of politics. He's familiar with a whole body of literature that the Mayor Daleys of this world, assuming they were aware of it, would probably have thought subversive. His renowned lifestyle is a

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combination of asceticism and bad personal manners—which he gets away with by permitting the myth to circulate that he goes into Socratic trances of concentration which keep him from remembering to brush his teeth, answer his mail, or pass the mustard to Prince Charles. The problem, though, is that through it all there crystallizes the image of—the pol. Yawp. The Kid who has seen the Robert Redford movie on how to be a Candidate, and figures to ride his image all the way to the White House. The point is that, as we approach 1980, Jerry Brown in order to remain a candidate is going to have to shuffle off his spiritual coil, and he will look pretty much like all those other people eating chicken and peas and saying all those banal things.

2. The Republicans, meanwhile, have the easier time in that there is no incumbent king that must be toppled. Gerald Ford is the titular leader of the Republican Party, and that will get you a ham sandwich, if you have some ham, and if somebody comes along with the bread. Mr. Ford is still greatly respected and even beloved. It is not fair to say that he is greatly missed as President. It isn't as if he were Teddy Roosevelt, and millions sat about wishing they could have their man back in the White House. Not that way at all. Gerald Ford has not developed the political skills that take you to the mountaintops of New Hampshire, to Florida, Ohio, and California.

Reagan, on the other hand, has. And it would certainly appear from his activity that he intends, sometime late in 1979, to announce that he will run for President in 1980. There is one thing that could keep this from happening, and that is a collapse in his standing in the popularity polls.

I JUDGE THIS to be unlikely. In the first place, Reagan is no longer, in the public mind, the abstract ideologist with two-sentence answers for all the ills that plague the Republic. The perspective on his quite brilliant administration of California affairs during eight extremely difficult years is lengthening, and to his advantage. He maintains his ability to inspire a crowd. He is personally modest, civil—and businesslike. He suffers the single presumptive disability of being thought too old.

A reminiscence. It was a year ago, and the Governor, his wife, and his son were spending Thanksgiving at my mother's house where the lot of us (eight children, fifty grandchildren) gather on the occasion. Lunch is always followed by a touch football game, and I asked Reagan if he would consent to referee it. "What's the matter?" he asked with genuine surprise and just a touch of indignation. "Can't I play?"

He did, and was indistinguishable in his energy, and very nearly indistinguishable in his skills, from his 18-year-old son. "What's the matter? Can't I play?" I can hear that said, implicitly, in New Hampshire, and, unless there is between now and then a galloping decrepitude, the voters, looking at him, are quite possibly going to answer, "Why not?" □

UNENDURABLE BUREAUCRATIC PAIN

New York, Jan. 15—Not many years ago, arriving home from the city, I discovered the normally imperturbable lady who has cooked for my family for a quarter-century far gone in weeping. She is an elderly and hardy Cuban black who early in life suffered a lifetime's ration of sorrow and pain, and for that reason her tears were not treated as though caused by a collapsed soufflé. I got the story from her in spurts. A message, through an intermediary in Miami. Her sister. Dying of cancer in Havana. Miserable pain. No morphine, because Castro's supply was available only to the army.

I called my favorite doctor. Out of town on a fishing trip, unreachable. I asked another doctor a hypothetical question: What would a doctor's prescription look like authorizing enough morphine for daily doses for sixty days to a dying patient? I scratched out the hieroglyphics on a doctored pad, approached the pharmacist, who whistled at the size of the order but got out the stuff, which I drove to Pan American at Kennedy and put in the hands of a pilot. In Madrid, my brother had arranged to meet the pilot, to take the package, and give it to an Iberia pilot bound for Havana. Twenty-four hours later the dying woman had her short lifetime's supply of morphine. Back from his fishing trip, the doctor telephoned me. Easygoing type, in his conversational style, but steel in his system. "I note from records that have come in from the pharmacy that I authorized you to pick up morphine worth about $50,000 on the black market. Are you enjoying it?" I explained. He sighed, executed papers that designated the dosage as designed for a case of terminal illness, and somehow the irregularity of the transaction never attracted official attention.

What does attract official attention has become the object of a crusade led by Mrs. Judith Quattlebaum of Potomac, Maryland. She is the head of something called the Committee on the Treatment of Intractable Pain, and her objective is to sweep the bureaucratic cobwebs that prefer human agony to medical improvisation. There are a number of objectives endorsed by Mrs. Quattlebaum's committee, but that which has received the most attention is the licensing, for patients who suffer from terminal cancer, of the heroin drug.

Mrs. Quattlebaum had a personal experience during the Second World War, observing the agonizing death of her grandmother. Then she watched Stewart Alsop on the Dick Cavett show, describing the death throes of a patient occupying an adjacent room. She launched the committee. And people began to send her case histories, which she has compiled. One example will do (one example is almost too much): "I have lost my mother with incurable uterine cancer. Her pain was so horrid that she lost her mind and ate her bottom lip completely off from clenching her top teeth so tightly. My 13-year-old sister and I watched this for six weeks. We would enter the small hospital and hear her screams as soon as we closed the door. The nurses had no way to quiet her. She was immune to conventional pain-killers."

IT IS NOT SAFE to say that such torment as this would simply cease to be if the United States were to change its laws in order to permit the manufacture and administration of heroin under carefully controlled circumstances. But doctors seem to agree that heroin will do more than morphine for several reasons. One is that it is capable of producing a higher degree of euphoria. Another is that the hydrochloride content makes it more soluble, so that a small dose inserted into the flesh can do more than larger doses of morphine. In Great Britain, where much experimentation goes on, there is something widely known as the "Brompton Cocktail," discovered at the Brompton Hospital. This may sound like a sick joke, but is not received as such by patients who, upon taking it, are ushered out of this vale of tears less tearfully than the woman with uterine cancer. The Brompton Cocktail consists of heroin, cocaine, and phenophiacine (an anti-emetic). Administered before the probable onset of spasms of pain, it tends to abort them, or to help to neutralize them.

Thus it goes. But the committee, which has acquired some distinguished sponsors including the active patronage of Congressman Newton Steers of Maryland, is up against the conventional unbudgeability of the law which in effect authorizes the use of heroin only for teenagers in ghettos, who have relatively little trouble in acquiring it while their grandmothers die in pain under the hygienic auspices of the law. The Committee on the Treatment of Intractable Pain can be reached at 9300 River Road, Potomac, Maryland 20854. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A form of rummy played with two packs — 5 30 62 123 134 199 164

B. An overpaid clergyman — 25 35 138 198 48 58 119 44 84 132

C. Weight or heaviness — 75 68 85 157 140 146 110 147 160 89 / 175

D. This was removed from the automobile almost four decades ago — 98 11 28 46 69 79 91 130 139 21 / 151 159

E. A showplace that would soon put out the standing room only sign — 103 9 53 24 23 39 54 73 83 111 / 124 137 182

F. Part of the Soviet Empire — 122 185 136 67 34 163 78

G. Whoever named him must have read the opening words of the Declaration of Independence — 143 176 12 77 88 145 31 165 55 179 / 17

H. To stir with a certain type of cultivator — 148 131 80 93 8 141 189 173

I. A health resort on Lake Geneva — 4 19 27 52 70

J. Composed of elements drawn from various sources — 161 38 167 105 121 13 187 177

K. Ghostlier (more spirited?) — 168 57 178 96 115 192 107 64

L. Space in which to work (or drink?) — 184 118 43 97 99 191 149 14 66

M. A type of dolphin (or sot?) — 87 169 181 195 112 127 129 6 162 33 / 76

N. Changeable — 116 7 29 41 90 156 102 153 158 16 / 92 109

O. A silly laugh — 47 59 71 82 22 26

P. To tie a package attractively — 190 183 63 72 186 15 81 95

Q. Incapable — 1 94 100 42 86 142 170 201 128 106 / 152

R. A French verse form — 32 45 117 166 172 180 61 188 200 65

S. What statements by me-tooers are — 56 60 133 18 74 40

T. An article, a maiden loved by Zeus, and a letter of the alphabet — 144 37 125 49 108

U. Handsome — 3 20 104 113 2 135 126 196 51 36 / 194

V. A city northeast of Tomsk — 155 154 171 10 50

W. A covering over a men's organization's window would have you doing this — 114 197 101 120 174 193 150

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 170 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 Q	2 U		3 U	4 I		5 A	6 M	7 N	8 H	9 E	10 V	11 D	12 G		13 J	14 L
	15 P	16 N	17 G	18 S	19 I	20 U		21 D	22 O	23 E		24 E	25 B	26 O		27 I	28 D	29 N
30 A	31 G	32 R	33 M	34 F	35 B	36 U	37 T	38 J	39 E	40 S		41 N	42 Q		43 L	44 B	45 R	46 D
47 O		48 B	49 T	50 V	51 U		52 I	53 E		54 E	55 G	56 S		57 K	58 B	59 O	60 S	61 R
	62 A	63 P		64 K	65 R	66 L	67 F	68 C	69 D	70 I	71 O		72 P	73 E	74 S		75 C	76 M
77 G	78 F	79 D	80 H	81 P	82 O	83 E	84 B		85 C	86 Q		87 M	88 G	89 C	90 N	91 D		92 N
93 H	94 Q	95 P	96 K	97 L	98 D		99 L	100Q		101W	102N	103E	104U		105J	106Q	107K	108T
109N	110C	111E	112M	113U	114W		115K	116N	117R	118L		119B	120W	121J	122F	123A	124E	125T
126U	127M		128Q	129M		130D	131H	132B	133S		134A	135U	136F	137E	138B	139D	140C	141H
142Q	143G		144T	145G	146C		147C	148H	149L	150W	151D	152Q	153N	154V		155V	156N	
157C	158N		159D	160C	161J	162M		163F	164A		165G	166R	167J		168K	169M	170Q	171V
172R	173H	174W	175C	176G		177J	178K	179G	180R	181M	182E	183P	184L	185F		186P	187J	188R
189H		190P	191L	192K	193W	194U		195M	196U		197W		198B	199A	200R	201Q		

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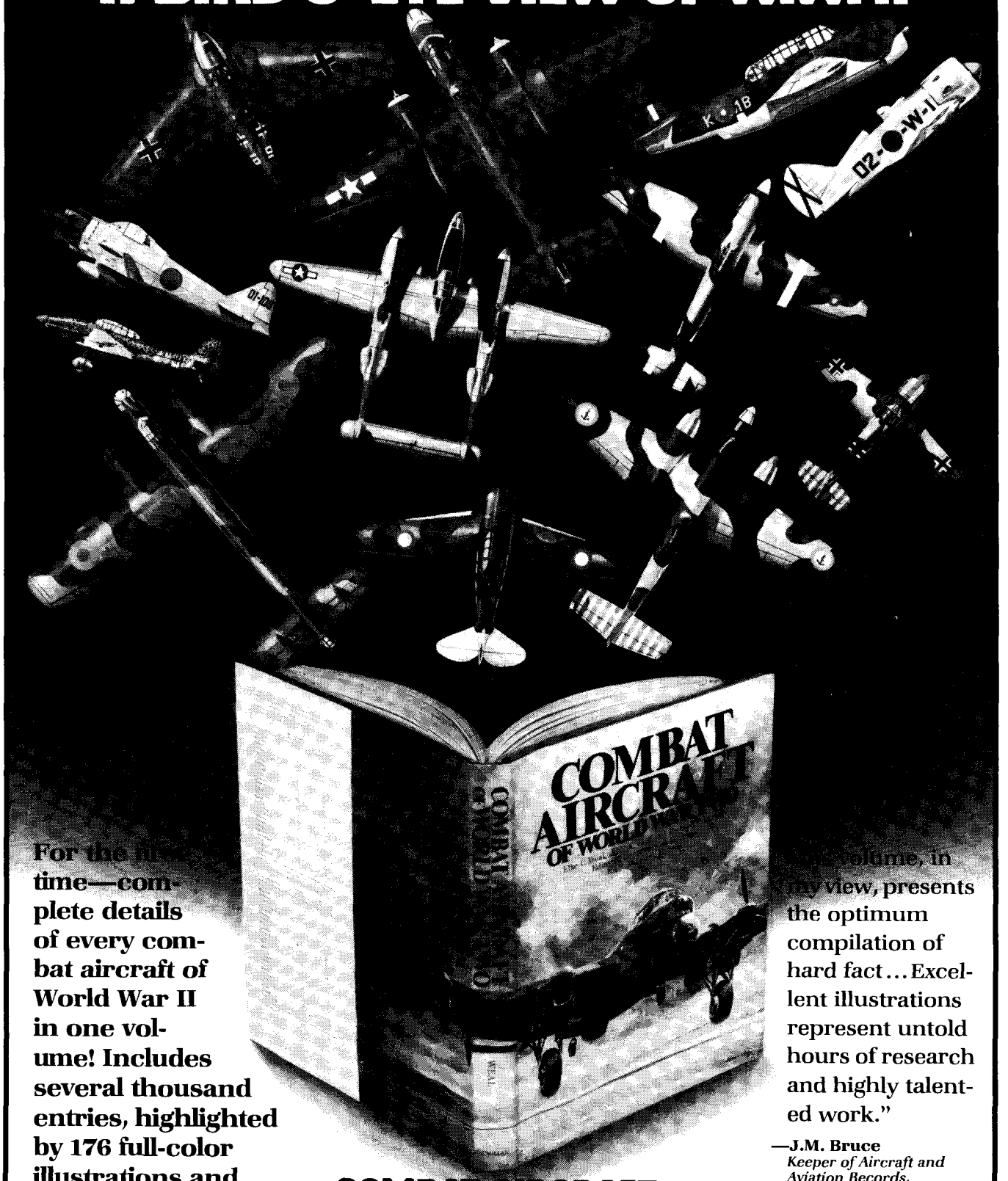

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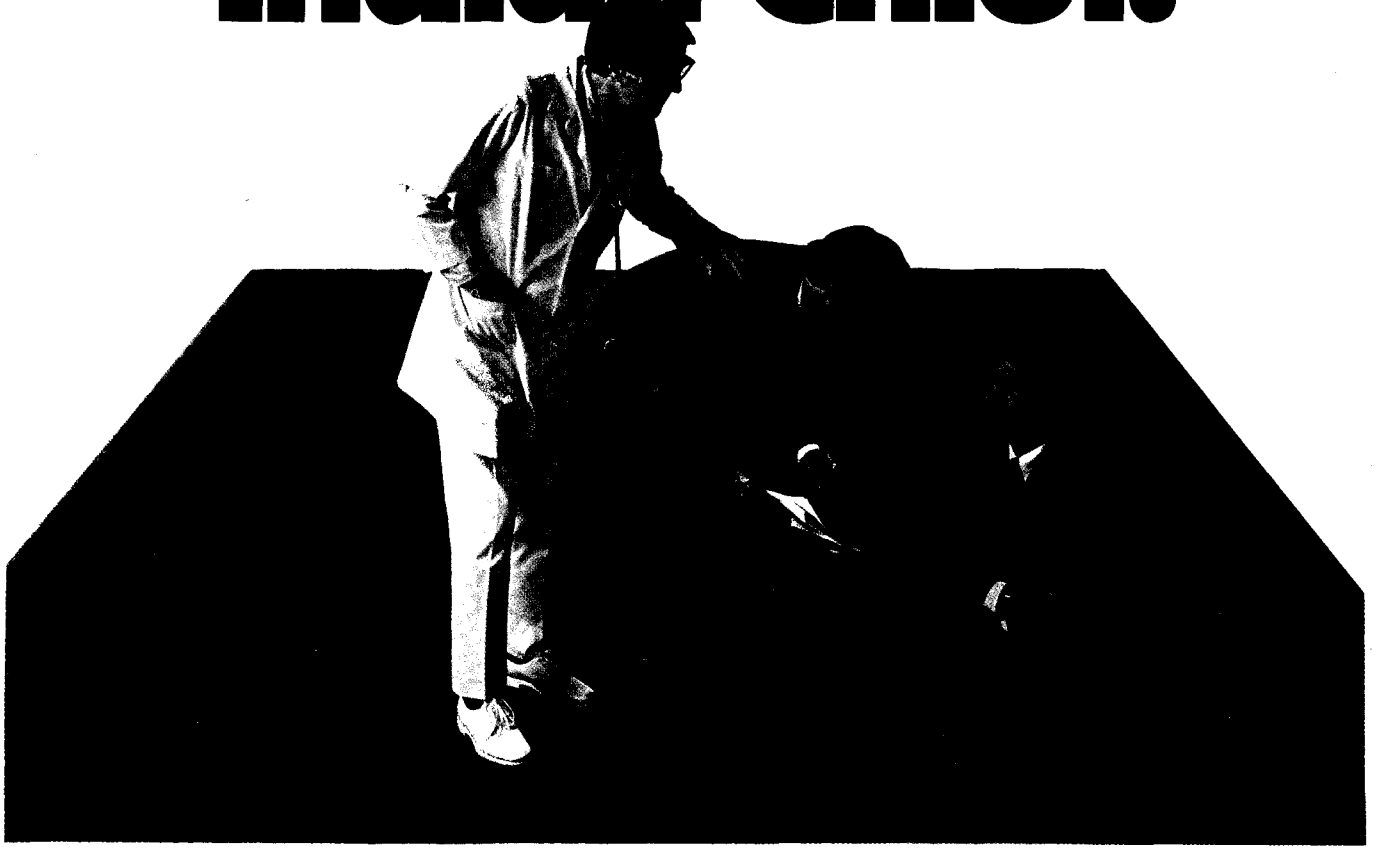

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